

# MEN-MIRACLES.

WITH OTHER  
*P O E M E S.*

*By*  
M. LL. St: of Ch. Ch. in Oxon.



*Printed in the yeare 1646.*

MEMORIAL

TO THE

LEGISLATURE

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN THE YEAR 1862





TO THE MOST  
ILLVSTRIOVS  
IAMES  
DVKE OF  
YORKE.

SIR,



*Part* of these Papers being already destin'd to your Highnesse's Recreation, the *Rest* (like divided Wormes) by reuniting to their peices, are link't againe  
A 3 into

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

into an *Entire Nothing*. All I pretend to here exceeds not the *Pedlers* ambition, who in the strength of his *Portable Ware-house* swells into the title of a *Merchant*, and yet instead of *silkes* and *Tissues*, receives you with nothing but *Tapes* and *Filletings*. The Vessell is here so *unfraught* and *empty*, that it aims at so *Royall a Harven*, not by designe of *Commerce*, or *Tradeing*, but *Shelter* and *safety* from *Tempestuous Censures*. Which is the greatest ambition of your *Highnesse's*

*Most Humble Servant*

*M. LL.*

To my Ingenious Freind Captaine LL.



Reind, since thy Armed Thoughts hit those  
Whose Lungs are Blasphemy and Prose;  
Such Darts the Hebrew Poet threw  
When Hell had garriſon'd a Jew:

Thine's the ſame Charmes but the Cure's harder, when  
Men poſſeſſe Devils, then when Devils men.

Thy Work's Completion's full refin'd,  
A quick cleare Braine, an honeſt Mind,  
Not Wild, yet Strong; Pow'rfull, not Feirce;  
Full, yet not ſtuff'd, a ſelf weigh'd verſe;

Thy Thoughts nor throng'd, nor rous'd, but diſplay'd;  
Each piece congemall; yet both borne and made.

But Rimes are fatal, unleſſe courſe,  
Like Directories to doe worſe:

Verſe is but words in Tune, yet th' Houſe  
Wave Davids Pſalmes, and chooſe Franck Rouſe.

Thus we climbe downwards; and advance as much  
As He that turn'd Donn's Poems into Dutch.

No Fuſtian's here, All's pure and fit,  
Not each where mirth, yet alwayes wit,  
Strong, ſweet, like our Triumviri

(Matters, Digges, Carriwight) Extacy? (ſaid,

They would have ſprung New Mines, ſav'd th' Old, if  
As now they fill that Breach falſe Angels made.

One great MAN-MIRACLE you omit,  
A Monſter Presbyterian Wit!

Who ſwells, not riſes, Bigge, not High,  
When the poore ſenſe lies gasping by:

Times once at beſt, mend not, and ſeldome ſtand,  
Tis thus, when Women preach, and Slaves command.



To the Author.

**R**ethee no stay! while you adjourne we loose  
What you demurre upon, and what you choose:  
Does not the shade (bright shade of Caruwright  
know.)

What fruite we misse 'cause he would haue it grow?  
That tugh'd for Genius once againe we see  
Up from the dust, liue and put forth in thee;  
Well set and active, cast's a comely sight,  
Dancing a round, as when in charge, or fight:  
Still d'where to loosen fancy where to binde,  
Cleare in the Meeter, clearer in the mind,  
Each peice is cleane and briske, no lime, or gall,  
No dash in drawing, Sulphur none at all:  
Finde me out here one witde, one borrow'd cluster,  
Though some are taught to write, as others muller;  
Quilt on ill Parikh ends, shred after shred,  
All's fine and even here, cause home-spun thred.  
The richnesse of the web is, no line wrought  
And stretch'd, but humour all, and streame of thought,  
Could we but leave thee to thy selfe, and peace,  
How would thy numbers fill, these sheets increased  
But brutish pow'r, do rage all that is darke  
Joynes 'gainst the ray of reason in the Arke,  
Put on thy other fury, try to weare  
Head-peice more Rough come forth in Steele and Speare,  
That as th'ast taken Pen. and Sword unsheath'd  
When Mars with Hermes haue thy Lawrell wreath'd,  
Worke for Apelles then, or who else can  
Give us to life the Scholler, Souldier, Man.

J. C.

To

To the Author.

**I**F ever I beleiv'd Pythagoras,  
(My dearest friend) even now it was,  
While the grosse Bodies of the Poets die,  
Their Soule doe onely shift. And Poetic  
Transmigrates, not by chance, or lucke, for so  
Great Virgils soule into a goose might go,  
But that is still the labour of Joves braine,  
And he divinely doth conveigh that veine;  
So Chaucers learned soule in Spencer sung,  
(Edmund the quaintest of the Fairy throng.)  
And when that doubled Spirit quitted place,  
It fill'd up Ben: and there it gained grace.  
But this improved thing hath bover'd much.  
And oft hath floopt, and onely given a touch:  
Not rested untill now, Randall it brush'd,  
And with the fulnesse of its weight it crush'd,  
It did thy Cartwright kisse, and Masters court,  
Whose soules were both transfused in the sport.  
Now more accomplish'd by those terse recruits,  
It wooes thee (friend) with innocent salutes.  
No Semeleian hugge suspect: doe thou  
Vent as thy Vessell firs, as thou dost now.  
Burst forth in sparkles, either write, or speake,  
And thou art safe, That thou be not broke, breake.

E. G.

To the Author on his Poems.



Poets then exact in every part

That is borne one from Nature, nurst by Art  
Whose happy mixture both of skill and fate,  
Makes the most suddaine thought Elaborate.

Whose easie straines a flowing sense does fit,  
Unforc'd expression, and unravill'd wit.

Words fill'd with equall subject, such as brings  
To chosen Language high, and chosen things.

Harsh reason cleare as day, as smooch as sleepe,  
Glide here like Rivers, even still though deepe.

Disord growes Musicke, greife it selfe delight.

Horror when he describes, leaves off e' affright.

Sullen Philosophy does learne to goe

In lightest dressings, and become them too.

And if a Muse like this may hope to finde

A wellcom'd entertainment in the minde,

This worke will please, but they whose height and Gage,  
Of wit; are the small Poets of the Age.

Those wretched soules, whose Cold and Hunger writes,  
That in their Luke, hornes weare their Appetites.

Whose labours still ride Post, and for their Toile,

Receive the Hackney hire, a groate a Mile.

This book's not sent to these, nor yet to such

That despise all that forces not a blush;

That with the Vouge, and Torrent of the time,

Take what in Prose is sin, for wit in Rime.

That only prize things that are vile and fierce,

A Carre-mans Dialogue put into a Verse.

As if our Genius by our faulcs were sent,

And still our veine did flow from punishment.

Our

4  
Our letters were our onely wreath and Prayse,  
Were greater from our thuckles, then our Bayes,  
As if I were valour, and requir'd a Name,  
For to be Daring in an Epigramme,  
And were a deed as Noble, and as High  
For to defame, as slay an Enemy.

In Chast, and even Paths these Poems Tread,  
A Recluse might them write, a Vestall reade,  
There are no Philters here, no Magick dust,  
To raise desire, and Pander out for lust.  
But if Triumphants vice or th' looser Age  
Commands to Lists, and forces forth lust Rage.  
The Virgin Muse can then a Satyr turne,  
Her sprightly breast with nimble flames will burne,  
But such as still are pure, that know to bring,  
All of the Serpent forth, besides the sting  
Reade here still most secure, reade with a minde  
Free as his Extracy, as unconfin'd,  
Can you but understand you'l finde it fraught  
With what can fill your soule, and graspe your Thought,  
Whilst what from these diviner fountaines flows,  
Makes your sport study, pleasure serious.

J.F.



To the Author.

**I**N such an age as this, when Ignorance  
Is sained, and usurpes the chaire of sence.  
What boldnes does impale thy brow dear freind,  
That thou to arts and learning dar'st pretend?  
Tis well thou wear'st a Syword! But when thy Wit  
Is such, that foure yeares Warre but heightens it.  
Thou need'st a stronger guard, that may outooke  
The sterneest danger, and such is thy Booke.  
Thus arm'd thou stand'st above the power of Fate.  
And if bold Wickednesse should ruinate  
The life and Nerves of purer arts, yet thou  
Shouldest live, and a fresh lawrell crowne thy brow;  
And the next age shall say, when Learning fell,  
Thou onely wror'st and wert Man-miracle,

W. C.

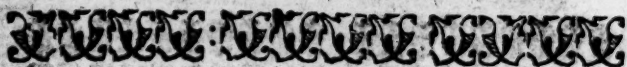
To



To the Author on his Poems.

**C**Leane Braine in cleaner numbers clos'd,  
 Sense neicher Painted, nor Expos'd;  
 Wit nor unbent, nor yet ore-streights  
 Borne in each Poem, never fetches;  
 Things of a deepe uncommon marke,  
 Beyond course eyes, on this side darke;  
 Things writ to All too, as to th' Best,  
 At once a Dole of Wit, and Feast:  
 Words thy minds Tiffary imploy'd  
 To clo: h thy matter not to Hide:  
 Which by their Genuine fitnesse tell,  
 T'expresse is not to tound and knell,  
 Poems as cold and cleane as snow,  
 Chast lines, and frigid onely so.  
 Yet sprung from youth, shap' out to win  
 (So th' author pens against his Chin,)  
 Bayes bred from Thunder and Alarmes,  
 Th' whole, as thy Satyr, borne in Armes,  
 Verse-Rules let downe like th' Hebrew Yoke,  
 And Wit-Lawes given in Noisc and Smoake:  
 These are so thine, high freind, that I  
 Thy merits power cannot deny,  
 Vainely to adde my Sprig of Bayes,  
 When the Book's writ in the Book's praise.

J. H.



To the Author.

**I**D thy Wine need my Bush, I'de freely spend  
A lease, — In praise of my ingenious Freind,  
The Author. Where ther's none we must lend  
weight,

So Dwarfses from Wooden heeles do borrow  
But thine are Poëms apter to defie (height,

A Censure, then implore an Eulogie.

Unlesse, in those more circumscribed Climes

That damne all Poëtry but Psalmes and Chymes,

He that shall read and shall not like them well,

Write him thy three and twentieth Miracle.

In every sheet I view, methinks! see

Thy Cartwrights Ghost appeare; For such was he,

A Wit well managed; exactly broke

To every Pace, and of that i' every stroke.

Not thorough pac't; for so are some, Confin'd

To Feet, and Measures only of one kind;

And t'ne from that, they are as farr to seeke,

As an Assembly man would be at Greeke:

But equally to every Sort ally'de,

And can from One into the Other slide.

Alike to th' Sayer, and to th' pastorall.

And is as proper, where 't is not so Tall:

Go forth and Live, thou'lt stand an evidence

This Age had wit; pray God the next have Sence.

W. B.

To

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*The Author's Account of his Poem.*

**A**Nd First he vowes, 'tis not his glory,  
T' impose on this or that mans story.  
He disembarkes at no false shores,  
Nor layes his Infants at wrong dores.  
But is assur'd if you proceed,  
The Fathers wont renounce their breed.

Next for beleife he tells you that,  
No *Mandevile*, nor *Ceriat*  
Is cite d here, here no man knowes  
The Stories by their Authors Toes:  
Nor can descry which was found out,  
By him *with socks*, or him *without*.  
There's none among them were such *Jewes*,  
To vex and persecute *Old Shoes*:  
And leave their Fame, but carelesse whether  
In *Brasse* or *Monumentall leather*,  
All *serious writers*, these (nay bolder)  
Scarce any but was *slaid House holder*:  
And in most parts of *Christian Ground*.  
Their words would passe for *ferry pound*.  
Yet let not trust too forward be,  
Lest you beleive them more then *He*.  
Where he devotes it, he aimes he saith,  
At *Recreation*, more then *saish*.



## The Argument of the Poem.

**P***Rodigious Eares, first wonder tells.  
The Next, who under Water dwells,  
The Third, who Fast: The fourth indites  
The Gyants strange Hermaphrodites.  
Fifth treats of those whose two Armes lyes  
In their Right side. Next, whose in Thighes.  
Seaventh, Eyes excesse, but Feet defects.  
Eighth, those whose Foot their face protects.  
Ninth Camel-backs. Tenth, Face in Breast.  
Leventh, Dog-face; Twelfth, with Three Beards prest.  
Next, Folke with Tails, Then Amazons.  
Then He who Youth so often dons.  
Then Fountaine Lad, Then Graves beleife  
Who Feedes on Men, as we on Beefe.  
To these Great Legge, And then the Dames,  
Of Arcpine, that is borne lame.  
Twentieth, Two Tongues: Next, Pigmies aske it,  
And then Will: Baker pinnes the Basket.*

MEN-



# MEN-MIRACLES.

## A POEM.

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### *First Miracle.*



E. Mortalls (f beleife be in yee)  
Come see confirm'd what's said by *Pliny*;  
And first (for feare ye should mistake a)  
Give eare unto *Anacrus Dacia*.

With whom consents (to bring the Rime on)

A Trusty Author, *Petrus Simon*,

These two are back'd (in spight of Praters)

By *ours* and *Hollands* Navigators.

Now these avouch, that *India* beares,

*Men* of so vast prodigious *Eares*,

That sundry of them may be found,

Whose *hearing-Organs* sweepe the ground.

B z

And



## 2 MEN-MIRACLES. *A Poem.*

And each of these perhaps presumes,  
 By length of *Eares* to save his *broomes*,  
 Sure 'tis an uncouth sight to see some,  
 That *sweepe* their Hall without a *Bee some*.  
 Besides their *Eares*, as they relate,  
 Are of that *breadth*, from foote to pate,  
 That under each (and none descry)  
 Six *men* may (like six *Eare-wiggs*) lye:  
 'Tis pretty faire when *Eares* are found,  
 That conceale *men*, as ours doe *sound*.  
 Our *Eares* (alas) take but mens *speeches*,  
 But these take *men*, *doublet* and *brecche*.  
 The Round-head when his *Eares* he sees  
 Finds he is but an *Asse* to these.

---

### Second Miracle.

**B**UT passe on Pilgrim, till thou viewst,  
 An Island called *Honopoust*.  
 The Mortalls there ('tis truth is sed)  
 Make one *great Lake* their *Common bed*:  
 Under whose waters they *sleepe* sound,  
 As we doe here above the *ground*.  
 They've a fine time on't, in all weather,  
 And is their *downe-bed*, and their *Feather*.



No *Summer-bites* these knaves abides  
 'Lesse *Eeles* and *Carpes* doe pinch their side,  
 A goodly sort of people these,  
 To whom the *Fishes* are the *fleas*.  
 A stranger wonder ne're was found,  
 To these to *sleeps*, is to be drown'd.

### Third Miracle.

A R T hungry Hermit ? preethy tarry,  
 Here's the *Camelion's* ordinary,  
 See here a kinde of people haunt,  
 Who fundry parts of body want.  
 To this they doe sustaine their powers,  
 By th' sent of *fruits*, of *hearbes*, and *Flowers*,  
*Gregorius Garza* found this too,  
 In divers people at *Pern*.  
 At feasts invite, (an Age scarce heard in)  
 These not to *house*, but unto *Garden*,  
 Their pallars have unheard of forces,  
 Our *Nose-gayes* are their *second Courses*,  
 No *Cookes* among these men are boasted,  
 Their *Dinner gromes*, yes *ready roasted*.

## Fourth Miracle.

**N**Ext Story *Peter Simon* ga't us,  
 Of *John Alvarez Maldonatus*,  
 Who passing once to New found Land,  
 Penny in pouch, and Sword in hand,  
 Did Gyants view, oft (at his leisure)  
 'Bout five Ells long, (yes *London measure*)  
 And one of them in humane view,  
 Did bravely combat, bravely flew  
 The Gyant (saith his Comrade *Daniel*)  
 Had face much like to *Dog* (call'd *Spaniel*).  
 As he lay gasping on the hill,  
 His nose it was a beake (or bill)  
 And for his Sex, it was in sight,  
*Hec Aquila, Hermaphrodite:*  
 Now (Sirs) I grant the *Pagan Poet*,  
 Of huge *Promethens* speakes, you know it,  
 For whose vast bulke he nothing staggers,  
 To say 'tis spread o're many Actes.  
 But know, we onely bring before yee,  
 A *Christian writer's* Gyant-story:  
 His ribs more wide then hoopcs to ferkyn,  
 (What Closh must goe to make his *Ferkin*)  
*Dogs looke*, *Birds beake* in's face, you'l say,  
 Both *Setting dogge*, and *Partridge lay*.

If so, the Gyants was ill case,  
 Because his *Nose* did feare his *Face*.  
 Had that *bill wings*, there's none but spies,  
 His *nose* had flew away wuh's eyes.  
 And then the *Dog face* left behind,  
 Had beene destroy'd whiles it was *blind*,  
 But *John Alvarez*, did not he  
 Kill *sucking* Gyants e're they see.  
 Nor that he flew mult it be told,  
 A *Gyant-whelp* e're *nine* dayes old  
 'Twas *full growne* Monster this, and vexes,  
 That *Maldonatus* flew both sexes,  
 It greives him most, in his *owne* life  
 To loose both th' *Husband* and the *Wife*.  
 For bulke he might be many dozens  
 Of *Husbands*, *Wives*, *Sonnes*, *Daughters*, *Cozen*.

---

## Fifth Miracle.

**A** *S strange and Monstrous* knaves as these,  
 Are those of whom *Lycosthenes*.  
 In each of them there is espied,  
*Two Armes*, *two hands* in their *right side*.  
 Whose wives (without or *wit* or *fear*)  
 Doe bring forth Children *twice* a yeare,

Should I such a strange wonder see,  
 I should not thinke him *man* but *tree*.  
 And for his *two* right *Armes*, I vow,  
 Tis not a *double Limbe*, but *bough*.  
 Spread-Eagle fist when first he heaves,  
 His *fingers sp:igs*, his *nailes* seeme *leaves*.  
 Freind, I should say, I preethy hearke,  
 Lets feele, why sure thy *skin* is *barked*:  
 Thy *veines* convey thee *Sap*, not *bloud*.  
 Say dost thou not each Summer *bud*?  
 And (like *Third Richard*) cause not waime,  
 In winter hast no *wither'd Arme*?  
 Thy Ch ldrn too are *Garden-drafts*,  
 They're not thy *issue*, but thy *Grafts*.

### Sixth Miracle.

L Ike wonder doe those folke beger,  
 Whose *Armes* and *hands* in *Thighes* are set,  
 They thrash their *backes*, as 'were with *flaile*.  
 With that they weare behind a *Taile*.  
 Their wives too out of all mistaking,  
 For all the world are of that making.  
 Unlesse they beare, they think't a crime,  
*Four* babes at once (well in, good time)

# MEN-MIRACLES. A Poem

7

Two of their Barnes the selfe same day,  
 They doe *preserve*, and *two* they *slay*.  
 For *milke*, their *breasts* so *much* doe beare,  
 It makes them *Cheeses* all the *yeare*.  
 Sure for these *Monsters* *first* it *grooves*  
 In *thigh*, that it may reach their *Toes*,  
 And (if occasion be) it may  
 Scratch itching *Corne* on *Rainy day*.  
 Or else perhaps so *neare* 'tis put,  
 Cause *hand* they have much like to *foot*.  
 But oh, their *Taste* I must allow,  
 As large as that of *Bull* or *Cow*,  
 And reason good, their wives not flit,  
 To yeild them as much milke as it.  
 These *Centaure Females* have strange trades,  
 They're both the *Comes* and *Dairy-Maides*.  
 And in this *monstrous* Common-weale,  
 They doe not *Children* beare, but *veale*.  
 And in their *Cheese* (good people hearke it)  
 Sell halfe themselves each *Monday Market*.

But stay (Kings truce) I thinke on't now  
 These neither *Women* are, nor *Cow*.  
 I say nor *Cow*, nor *Wheat*, nor *Mastlyn*,  
 For *Cow* is sorry for her *Castlyn*.  
 But here the *Teeming* Monster ambles,  
 Not to the *Nurse*, but to the *Shambles*,

Seaventh

*Seaventh Miracle.*

**A** *Relia* (Author mine supposes)  
 Yields men with *three Eyes*, besides *Noses*.  
 Suppose *Eyes* dimme, as *Mares* in *Flanders*,  
 Suppose their *Noses* have the *Glanders*,  
 They'l be perplext, past all beleifes,  
 For *Spectacles* and *Handcherches*.  
 These *men* too, (ye may call them *yeomen*)  
 Have bigger *breasts* farre, then our *women*.  
 Then for their *feet*, they have *no Toes*,  
 (That saves two inches in their *shoes*)  
 They fight, and strive, from *morne* to *Even*,  
 (Yet sure they're not to *foot-ball* given.)

*Eighth Miracle.*

**I** N *AEthiopia*, 'bout the West,  
 Are men with handsome feature blest.  
 Their fault is nearest *ground*, at *Roost*  
 They've but *one Thigh*, and but *one Foot*.  
 (Sure one of these to save his *Mother*  
 Can't set *one leg* before the *other*)  
 But then this foot's so *broad*, the *Urchin*,  
 By its shade is kept from *scorching*.

## MEN. MIRACLES. A Poem.

With Foot held up, on *backe* he lies,  
The *Sun* (and all his *workes*) *defies*.  
His Trade's a *Jeweller*, though rude,  
His *Gemmes* *Armenians* buy for food.  
To live *two hundred yeares* he's knowne,  
(His Age hath *two leggs*, he but *one*)  
His *Wife* with *Child*, from *husband* flies,  
Nor knowes his *bed* for all his *cries*.  
    *Themselves* are wonders, but in sooth,  
    This is more *wonder* then they *both*.

---

### *Ninth* Miracle.

I *N* *Aegypts* *Alpes*, their *hands*, *feet*, *face*,  
Proclaime the people *humane* *race*.  
Their *breasts* are *long*, but then their *backer*  
Are like to *Camels*, borne with *packes*.  
*Women* (with *Childe*) upon our *shore*  
Are *Camels*, too but 'tis *before*.

---

### *Tenth* Miracle.

T *H*e vales of *Tartary* men live in,  
Whose *heads* are wondrous like a *Griph**in*,  
And

16 MEN-MIRACLES. *A Poem.*

And what is strange as all the rest,  
 Eyes they have seated in their *breast*.  
 Not farre from these the Monster flings,  
 A paire of *different colour'd wings*,  
 And yet they fly for all *wings use*,  
 As heavy as a *powder'd Goose*.  
 Be *Griphins* Sire, but *Eyes* and *Nose*  
 In *breast* a *Thornebacke*-*Damme* disclose.  
 And then the *wings* shew in a word,  
 They part are *fish*, and part are *bird*.  
 But *slow* flight shewes theyre, withouterring,  
 Nor *Fish*, nor *Fowle*, nor *good Red Herring*.

---

*Eleventh Miracle.*

**T**He *Lusitanian* King of late  
 Found *Nation* out, where *Curre* is *pate*.  
 Their *middle* part is *man*, their *thighes*  
 Are *horse*, their *hoofe* *divided* lyes.  
 Their *Language* *Mumme*, for *Reader* harke,  
 Truth is they doe not *speake*, but *barke*.  
 They skirmish oft, their *Captives* eate,  
 Else other creatures are their meate.  
 Were these in *England* we should thence,  
 Be puzzled for their *difference*,

And



# MEN-MIRACLES. A Poem. 11

And them be forc'd at length to call  
 Not *Tom* and *Dick*, but *Tosse* and *Ball*.  
 No Trades or Arts they ere would prove,  
 Unlesse hunt *Ducke*, or fetch a glove.  
 Their lodging (alls one) eight or ten Ell,  
 For their *Bed-chamber* is their *Kennell*.  
 But then their *wives* there's nough more *puzzles*,  
 Our womens *mufflers* are their *Muzzles*.  
 But out alas, what mighry stirre,  
 Would be for an Interpreter.  
 They must be pleasd, for if feud growes  
 Masters and Freinds they eate for Foes.  
 And stranger *dist* ne're was knowne,  
 When *Master's* to his dogge a bone.

---

## Twelfth Miracle.

**A**Nd now of Regions we sing,  
 Where *Tamberlaine* of old was *King*,  
 In upper parts, though men they be,  
 Yet still *Three* beards on Chin we see.  
 Our Barbers count it a strange Crime,  
 To use *three* Razors at one time.  
 Suppose we call'd to wash the face once,  
 Freind bring *three* balls, a gleeke of Basons,

As

## 12 MEN-MIRACLES. *A Poem.*

As for *this* beard, clip him no more,  
 On, to my *rather lippe afore,*  
 Till thou lop of, (my nose hath aches)  
 The Tufts of my *North East Mustaches.*  
 'Tis well, produce thy *Mirror*, I'll not passe,  
 Till't be a *Multiplying Glasse.*  
 Say would not this make Barber fullen,  
 To see *one* like *Three Kings of Cullen.*  
 Such *face* in Glasse was never *limmed,*  
 Unless when *Cerberus* was *Trimmed.*

---

### *Thirteenth Miracle.*

**T**HUS much *Lycosthenes* doith tell us,  
*Lycosthenes*, and other fellowes,  
 But they goe on as not *afear'd,*  
 To call those men, that seeme a *Heard.*

---

### *Fourteenth Miracle.*

**A**S those with *Tales*, and those with *throats,*  
 Are as well *bearded* as our *Goats.*

*Fifteenth*

*Fifteenth Miracle.*

**A**ND then to *Amazons* they call ye,  
Confirmed by Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

---

*Sixteenth Miracle.*

**A**ND then to him, who try'd by's Peeres,  
Prov'd he had liv'd *four* hundred yeares.  
Oft did his Lockes from *heare white* passe  
To *blacke*, his haire's *Pythagoras*  
One hundred he did *Jove* adore,  
Then liv'd a *Turke* three hundred more,  
So from the *Sulian* pensioner,  
(And like enough he keepes it yet.)

---

*Seaventeenth Miracle.*

**T**O this an *Indian* old they adde,  
Who liv'd and liv'd, as he were madde;  
For now declining from a *Mounaine*,  
He leapt (they say) into a *Fountaine*,  
Then don'd his Clothes, and bore to land him,  
Found he had left his *Age* behind him,

He

14 MEN-MIRACLES. A Poem.

He doſt his Clothes, and leapt forſooth,  
Both into *Poole* and into *Yough*.

---

*Eighteenth* Miracle.

AND after theſe they tell agen,  
Of thoſe that uſe to feed on *men*,  
And often *buy* at Butchers Portall,  
Not legge of *Beefe*, but legge of *Mortall*.  
But ſome of theſe we met before,  
And therefore need relate no more.  
Indeed ſome not, but ſince ſo much  
Already's ſaid, we need but touch.

---

*Nineteenth* Miracle.

BESIDES there lives upon a high land,  
In Towne within *Saint Thomas Iſland*.  
Who from that Towne, mine Author ſayes,  
Receive their names the *Penecays*.  
From old to young, from bird to Egge,  
They have a *Bag-pipe* in their legge.  
A *ſluggiſh Tumour* 'bout their bones,  
That *Bag pipe* makes the people *Drones*.

Of

Of this disease, when folke you view *sicke*,  
Know'tis a kinde of *Dropsie-Musicke*.

---

*Twentieth Miracle.*

**A**Nd neere the same Celestial Line,  
The Gossips live, calld *Arupine*,  
Nature to them is much the same,  
They for the most part are borne *lame*.  
*Both* these may Nature justly call,  
Her *miracle* and *Hospitall*.  
Of them to speake, let no man urge on,  
Lest we could send them a *Chirurgeon*.

---

*One and twentieth Miracle.*

**T**Hese kinde of wonders here had slept,  
But in by chance another crept  
Just as I meant to say no more,  
Came *Bohem* out of *Diodore*,  
Who much protests he tels ye no lye,  
From those in Island *Jamboli*.  
There the inhabitants (quoth he)  
Are bulke and manners much like we,

C

Shape

16 MEN. MIRACLES *A Poem.*

*Shape same, but height it is encreas'd*  
*'Bove ours foure Cubits at the least.*  
*Their bone (to say he doth not swerve)*  
*Is just as supple as our Nerve.*  
*And hence like Trees, before, behind,*  
*They bend and yeild to Aire and wind,*  
*Quicke joints, and all about smooth skin,*  
*No haire appears above their Chin.*  
*But greatest wonder that hath sprung,*  
*Is that of this straunge Nations Tongue.*  
*Which parted is to all mens view,*  
*And from the Root compleatly two:*  
*By which they have not onely force,*  
*To use a Numerous discourse;*  
*But seeme at once ('tis wondrous pretty)*  
*Like severall Birds, and sing their Ditty.*  
*But that's not all, they will agen*  
*Debate and argue with two men;*  
*And at one instant they can fly,*  
*To urge their owne sence, and Reply.*  
*This part conferres with one, while 'other,*  
*Is warme and earnest with another.*

*Two and Twentieth Miracle.**Of Pigmies.*

**M**ongst all the *Wonders* that there be,  
 Of *Man*, of *Beast*, and eke of *Tree*,  
 There's none where *Authors* are content,  
 To yeild their *suffrage* and consent,  
 Or doe more serious credit give,  
 Then that the *Pigmies* once did live,  
*Philostratus* (so *Cronie* wi'us)  
 When he doth out of *Apollonius*,  
 All other *wonders* *Fables* call,  
 He still to th' *Pigmies* gives the wall,  
 But no *old Author* truer writ,  
 Then *Aristotle Stagirise*,  
 Upon this point in *Booke* he fals,  
 Inscrib'd of *Getting Animals*,  
 He *Pigmies* grants, (we learne from thence)  
 Which liv'd of old, in *Caves* and *Dens*,  
 And he to shew he doth not sooth us,  
 Addes, 'Ου γὰρ ἐστὶ τούτο μῦθος.  
 Which being rendred, signifies,  
 That *Pigmy* stories are no *lyes*.  
 And now from him doth differ *Plinie*,  
 No more then *Tith-pig* from *Pig-ginnie*.

Onely thus much methinkes he vowes,  
 That *Egges* and *Eg Shells* were their *House*,  
 Tis in strange *Timber* sure they paddle,  
 To whom their *houses* may be *addle*,  
 These *Egges* they caught with sweat and paines,  
 All from their neighbour *Foes* the *Cranes*.  
 Besides *old Isidore* hath g'in't us,  
 And 'mongst the *Modernes* *Hector Pintus*.  
 Nay we could prove sure as liv'd *Ninus*,  
 That this is back'd by *Augustinus*,  
 Few in this point have abandon'd us,  
 Lesse *Strabo* learnd, and *Aldrovandus*.  
 With *Scaliger*, who time hath spent,  
 Learnd to appeare, cause *diffident*.  
 The occasion of its *Fable* some  
 Have judg'd may from *this* reason come,  
 Because that in those *Regions* where  
 The *Stagirite* sayes *Pigmies* were,  
 All writers freely doe agree,  
 That *wondrous little Creatures* be,  
 Hence might, say they, this error grow,  
 And he might thinke the *men* were so.  
 This favours *Strabo*, and has gust  
 Why *Aristotle* hee'l distrust.  
 But those who doe *this* Reason print,  
 Doe *Aristotle* justice int,



For if the *heat*, the *Sunne* there flings,  
*Contract* and *straighten* other things.  
 Say why that *Sunne* may not have then  
 Like *influence* and *force* on *men*?  
 Besides, cause wee'l no longer tarry,  
 Tis cleare, that *Strabo* did *miscarry*,  
 Since Authors chaine the *Pigmies* *seates*,  
 Not to the *Eclipticke* *parching* *heates*,  
 But doe allow these *Dwarfes* combine,  
 Under a sundry *Temperate* *Line*.  
*pliny* in *Thrace* some *Pigmies* puts,  
 And *others* up in *Caria* shuts.  
 From *India* one his *Pigmies* takes,  
 And *others* neare to *Nilus* *Lakes*,  
 And *Aristotles* *Pigmie* *height*,  
 Is stil'd from's *Region* *Troglodite*.  
 Now *Homers* *Pigmie*, head and mouth,  
 Is *Aethiopian*, *North*, or *South*.  
 And *Mala* to affirme not feares,  
 That *Pigmies* some *Arabia* beares.  
 Again, lest *Strabo* should confine us,  
 We to *Pomponius* adde *Solinus*,  
 And *Jovius* too, beyond *Japan*  
 Embassadour *Muscovian*.  
 Let *Strabo* rage like *Captaine Tucea*,  
 Some men have seene them in *McLucca*.

But sure methinkes it needs must like us,  
 Which storied is by *Odoricus*.  
 He vowes, he *Pigmies* did descry,  
 Which were about some *three palmes high*;  
 And these (say, can ye hold from laughters)  
 At *five yeares old*, got *Sons and Daughters*.  
 To see the *Sonne* you would admire,  
 Goe play at push pin with his *Sire*.  
 But this to say would vex them rather,  
 Sir, is this *Infant* here your *Father*?  
 Or else suppose this *Question* slip,  
 Pray when was last your *Grandfire* whipt?  
 Is that your *Grandame*? who doth dresse it?  
 A wondrous *hopefull Child*, God blesse it,  
 If all *Diseases* scape he can,  
 Thy *Fathers Father* may write man.  
*Theophilus*, *Higginus*, *Sergius*,  
 And others (if so be that heard you us)  
*Albertus* too, sets *Dwarfs* before us,  
 And *Gaza* christned *Theodorus*.  
 But weepe, *Will: Baker*, weepe to see,  
*Albertus Magnus* doth agree,  
 That *Pigmies* were, yet at one stroke,  
 VVere they *Ten Thousand* all are broke,  
*Will:* he averres they had no reason,  
 Nor *understanding* more then *Peason*.

*Out, Out, Albertus*, I could curse thee,  
 Afreind of mine is bound to curse thee.

But *Bille*, worse and worse, *Cardanus*,  
 (Unworthy man) doth more constraîne us,  
 He writes, though *Cloakes* they wore with *Capes*,  
 The *Pigmies Fathers* were the *Apes*.

And that from *him*, their line's translated,  
 That rides when *London Beares* are bated,  
 Now *Will*, if truth these men protects,  
 It something *odly* sure reflects,  
 And *Cherry-lickum's* beast, that Varler,  
 Must be some *Dwarfse* in *Chasne* and *Scarlet*.

But these are *Libels* all and *Scandals*,  
 Devild by some whose *shoes* are *Sandals*,  
 For trust me when *Thou* dost appeare,  
 We quickly guesse what *men* they were.

Thy *talke*, *Albertus* will defeat,  
 Were he farre *Greater* then the *Great*.

That *Pigmies* were, be that prov'd hence,

*Will: Baker* proves they spake good sence.

And now it will not be amisse,

To adde one author to all this:

One thing I'll instance *Sirs*, and no more,

What was of *pigmies* thought by *Homers*:

When *Pigmie* now was *Midwives tale*,

And onely season'd *Gossips ale*.

When they would mention such devises,  
 Cause *Cups* did want some other *Spices*.  
 When *Pigmies* folke did them so injure,  
 Onely supply'd a *Race* of *Ginger*.  
 Up starts old *Homer* in a wroth,  
 And cry'd, Keepe *Breath* to coole your *Broth*.  
 Your *Meetings* love I with my heart,  
 And eke your *Ale*, be't *pint*, be't *quart*.  
 But yet my toes they itch to kicke her,  
 That drinks these people off in *Liquor*,  
 Come, Come, your cups shall never boast,  
 They drowne a *Nation* like a *Toast*:  
 A *Toast* I say, which till 'tis mouldy,  
 You doe reserve to feed your *Poultry*.  
 But *Dudgen Dagger* throat I sticke in's  
 That *Pigmie* throwes to far his *Chickens*.  
 At this, that all may henceforth know them,  
 He puts their story in his Poem,  
 Their war with *Cranes* who them annoy,  
 As fam'd as is his war of *Troy*.  
 Now he that in their story seekes,  
 Finds *Pigmies* *Trojans*, *Cranes* the *Greekes*.  
 But still the *Pigmies* did defie them,  
 As if their *King* were *Aged Priam*.  
 Full sundry *Duels*, sundry *Fights*,  
 Were mannag'd by the *Pigmie* *Knights*,

And

And though at length they're kill'd and quiet,  
I thinke their Foes got little by it.

For often wounded, often flaine.

Was many an *Agamemnon Crane*.

*Steele* is his *breast*, *Flint* is his *Eyes*,

His *Head* is *Tinder-box* likewife.

That can refraine, when this he heares,

From *Gales* of sighes, and showes of teares:

Here lies a *Wing*, and there a *Claw*,

There lies a *beake* (*Warre* hath no law.)

And would't not greive *Lady* or *Dutchesse*,

To see a *Crane* walke 'twixt two *Crutches*?

There's small remorse in *Pigwie Dwarf*,

That makes a *Fowle* weare wing in *Scarfe*.

With *Feathers* lost, *Crane* oft did sit,

Like *Goose* or *Capon* pluckt for spit.

Her guts cleane drawne, and none within her,

As though the *Bird* were trust'd for dinner.

They did so mangle her, so batter,

As if the *Carver* had beene at her:

Sometimes depriv'd of *Rumpe* or *Crupper*,

You'd thinke the rest kept cold for *supper*.

When they were *Captives* in all ages

Th'imprison'd were in *Coopes* or *Cages*.

Where both the *Mother* and the *Daughter*,

Ought seldome eate but bread and water.

Nor

14. MEN-MIRACLES. *A Poem.*

Nor would they let (deare *Will* my honey)  
 A Drum or Trumpet bring them money,  
 And then alacke, what should they doe,  
 They could not *beg*, they wanted *shoe*.  
 In fine, from thence they ne're did range,  
 Lesse on *parole* to get *Exchange*.  
 In other *Fights* (o *Fights* accursd)  
 The valiant *Pigmies* had the worst.  
 Lo here they *fall*, and there they *fly*,  
*Weapon* on *Ground*, *Finger* in *Eye*.  
 O Cruell *Crane*, that is not slacke,  
 To *Pigmie* pecke, behind his backe.  
 And what is worse (though he exhort her)  
 Refuse to give *Nine Inches* Quarter.  
 Long lasted feud and mortall jarre,  
 Till onely *Crane* surviv'd in warre.  
 In which no *Pigmie* ere was spi'd,  
 That tooke up *Armes* on t'other side.  
 'Twas *Crane* surviv'd, and well she mought,  
*Pigmie* at disadvantage foughr.  
 For roured *Crane* puts spurre to wing,  
 And safe through empty aire doth fling,  
 And ere a Baker marke his Tallies,  
 See *Crane* returnes againe, and Rallies.  
 But *Pigmie*-wight, must stand to list,  
 Three inches stride would split his twist.

Well

Well Sirs,  
 The *Pigmies* had not hence beene snatch'd,  
 Had *Will the mighty* then beene hatch'd,  
 Had he beene *Generall* I wis's'e,  
 Boyl'd *Crane* had gone to pot ere this,  
 He would have made their Forces yeild,  
 Yes, and had Pillage too o'th' Feild.  
 Woe tide the Bagge, Baggage and Canon,  
 Few words my Muse, I doubt they ha-none:  
 But had they any *cold* or *hot gun*,  
 All's *Wils*, from *Culverin* to *Pot-gun*,  
 In Quest of whom nere straine your Artirs,  
 To find *Molluccans*, *Indians*, *Tartars*,  
 No foraigne wildernesse or tarre den,  
 His Forrest is the *Privy Garden*.  
 Where oft before and after vittles,  
 He walkes, and then retires to skittles.  
 The *Pinnes* (eye witnesses beleive)  
 Are *stiffe* as need to *sticke* on sleeve,  
 His *Ninth*, some Authors say is larger,  
 And vast as that which fastens kercher,  
 But trigge him close, for *Will* can win,  
 Now marke him, *downe* goes *Corner Pin*.  
 Which pressing Earth vast burden proves,  
 As *Feathers* falne from breast of *Doves*,

Now



26      **MEN-MIRACLES** *A Poem.*

Now weighty Bowle whence cruell stroakes  
 Divided are, to his *Nine Oakes*,  
 Is *Reverend Pea*, which *Burgers* they  
 With *Bacon* eate, for it is *Gray*.  
 Then hand is large (if mortall heed it)  
 As *Moles* which blind hath none to leade it,  
 And *Mole* with *fist* we know doth tossie a  
*Hill* like a *ball*, *Pelton* on *Off's*.  
*Hand arme* succeeds almost as bigge,  
 As *brawny pette toe* of *Pigge*.  
 Arme with as *Trusty bone* is borne,  
 As what supporteth *Eare of Corne*.  
*Nerves thicke* as *Ropes*, descry'd aloofe,  
 When *Spider* slides from *toppe* of *Roofe*.  
 But arme as deemes the strict beholder,  
 Is wondrous neare unto his *Shoulder*.  
*Shoulder* in spight of *I* or you,  
 Provoke him not, the squire hath *two*.  
 Wherewith (in contestation case)  
 He *showeth* *Frogs* from place to place.  
 And to support they have beene found,  
 A mighty beame (of *straw*) from ground,  
 And well they may, for they instead  
 Of *Columnes* are to *Necke* and *head*.  
 Which head hath braines, there's nothing truer:  
*Ogge*, Yeoman of the Guard hath fewer,

Wit

Wit he hah more then *Gyants* that,  
 Though he scarce weare so bigge a *hat*.  
 For seeing Beast one did bereave her,  
 Of *seaventeene haire*, which made his *Beaver*.  
 He takes a *Silke-wormes Arty Twist*,  
 (Such *Oberenties* about his wrist)  
 That *girts* his *hat*, so big lookes that-band,  
 As *Antique* Mid-wives *Cipresse* hat-band.  
 That beares in *hat* (full spruce and fine)  
 What makes him *sweat*, his *Valentine*.

But *head* must not in any case,  
 Divided be from *Necke* and *Face*.  
*Face* comely shap'd, with *Fore-head* smooth,  
*Eye* under brow, and in *Mouth* *Tooths*  
*Nose* rising with convenient *Ridge*,  
 And broad as *Edge* of *Knife* i'th *bridge*.  
*Bear d* plac'd on *Chin*, which he may twist  
 (When men *curl* *Haire* on *backe* of *Fist*.)  
 To *head* proportion'd *Necke*, where note,  
 It is not *Taurus*, *Necke* and *Throat*.

His *Bulke* is wide as *Ring* say some  
 On *finger* worne, some say on *Thumb*.  
 The first (I feare) doe hardly hit it:  
 Your *Finger Ring* will never fit it.  
 For *leaping* like through *Needle Camel*,  
 Hec's knowne to juggle of the *Enamel*.

Nay

Nay when through *Thumb-ring* Feates he shewes yee,  
Most Authors writes he marres the *Poesy*.

Where he destroyes ('tis wondrous strange)

*I like my choice too well to change.*

His *Fleshy Thigh* men justly call,

As large as *Capons* (bone and all)

The *London Major* (though Authors some sticke)

'Tis thought nere eate a *Fairer Drum-sticke*.

His *Bramny Legs* with hand he knockes,

As *plumpe* in *Calves* as any *Cockes*.

When strutting him in bootes you see,

No *Game-Cocke* gingles more then he.

Now but his *Foot* all parts are *past*,

For which you may consult his *last*.

If he (at will) doe stockings use,

The *Mouse* weares hide that makes his *shoes*.

But *Shoes* alas (oh dismall day)

Occasion were of such a *Fray*

As hath not beene in *England* found,

Since *Guy* threw *Gyant* on the ground.

It hapned once (and who can say

What things may happen on a day?)

That *hungry Kitten* when she came

Now fully weaned from her *Damme*,

And quite debarr'd of *Tet*, must hast,

To seize on *Mouse*, or else must *fast*.

For

For few Pusse-Parents can say my purse  
Will keepe my Kitten at a *Dry Nurse*.  
One *Car* in ten (youd hardly seeke,  
Can part with *halfe a Crowne a weeke*)  
When groaning paunch, and stomacke itchings,  
Had forc'd her search *Binnes, Buttry, Kitchins*.  
But all in vaine, about did goe,  
And could not dine upon her *Fee*.  
Fortune at last (as who should say  
*Pusse* thou shalt eate with me to day)  
Design'd to shew the *Duke* some sport,  
And did direct the *Car* to *Court*:  
She went, and willing to dispatch  
She gap't, and lickt the *Centries Match*,  
But Fire and Brimstone spoil'd her Message,  
She thought it was the *Devils* Saffage.  
From him she hyed, for her desire  
Was much gainst *Brimstone-Sauce*, and *Fire*,  
From staire to staire she jumpd along  
Till at the last she spied a *Throng*,  
Where *Page* that nere deserv'd rebuke,  
Paid due attendance to the *Duke*.  
She cryed as soone as here she come,  
(Though few men heard it) *Fee, Fs, Fum*.  
Be happy Pusse, for in this house,  
I smell the *bloud of English Mouse*.

About

30 MEN-MIRACLES. *A Poem.*

About the roaves, about she went,  
 Her *supper still* was in her *scent*,  
 But searching *hole*, and seraping *Cranny*,  
 She sigh'd, for why she found not *any*.  
 Her colour *went*, and she look'd *Paler*,  
 And much she fear'd her *nose* did *fai*le her.  
 At last young blood and warmer weather,  
 Threw relish hot from upper leather.  
 All things conspire, and jointly meete,  
*Will: Baker* now defend thy *feete*.  
*Pusse* couched low, and downe she lay,  
 In humble homage to her prey.  
 But as *Anteus* striving found  
 Fresh *life* and *vigour* from the *ground*,  
 So *Pusse* her limbes thus low had thrust,  
 To rise more active from the *Dust*:  
 And now (as hunger gave her wings)  
*Uncivill Cat* rash bulke she flings  
 On *Foot* and *Toes*: As *falling steele*  
 Doth sundry wayes make mortall *feete*,  
 And doth *enrage* and move our *bate*,  
 More from its *edge* then from its *weight*:  
 So *Pusse* stout *Wills* just anger draws  
 Lesse by her *weight* then by her *Clawes*,  
 But midst *amazement* and midst *fears*,  
 Just indignation, and just *Teares*,

By

By Reede in hand, with silver tipp'e,  
Rude *Pusse* is most severely whipt.

And the while both seeme to be even,  
Affront was tane, affront was given,  
A Ring was call'd, enraged they  
Resolve to fall, or end the Fray.  
But all this while, as wealthy Swaines  
Enjoy not, but enthrall their Gaines.  
Who coyne confinde to Chests inure,  
Not to *posseffe*, but to *secure*.  
And from that strange unmanly itch,  
Are their *Gold* *Gaolers*, but not *Rich*.  
Soe *Pusse* now graspt what she did catch,  
Nor did she fealt on prey, but hatch.  
Still brooding, still to tast was nice,  
Her *Twinne Imaginary Mice*.

This gave advantage to her Foe,  
And cost her many a *sturdy blow*.  
Again, sometimes she would withdraw,  
And give her *Yoke of Foes more law*,  
That at their motions she might rise,  
And seize them by a fresh surprise.  
Now all this while the *Stripes* fell thicke,  
And *next* the Car unto the *quicke*.  
Yet she forbore, and did but *watch*,  
To checke the Tyrant with a scratch,

D

Whom

### 32 MEN-MIRACLES. A Poem.

Whom *feas'nably* he kept in ayv  
By stretching out *corrective* pawv.

But what *amus'd* her heart within her  
Was he *envy'd* her, her dinner:

'Twas not so large, *Dormouse* in view  
Might seeme a *Beare* to both these two.

So *small* they were, in any wise  
She could descry nor *head*, nor *Eyes*.

Had she not been, sh'had left the fight,  
More guided by her *scent*, then *fight*.

By that confirm'd, a *fresh* she flies,  
And so *renews* her enterpiize.

And now as Children dishes Court,  
And wanton Tasts make *meat* their sport.

Till at the last these sports incite  
*Fresh* Edge, and raise *new* appetite.

Soe *Pusse* by play more sharpe became,  
Assuming *hunger* from her game.

Then on the fell, and by the *Toes*  
*whole* structure to the ground she Throws.

But *Gallant WILL* did stroakes afford,  
Till almost lost in *chinke* of Bord,

Where streightned by the *place* and *fear*  
He wanted *breath*, to wield his *speare*.

But being both too *fatall* hearted,  
They now by seconds both were parted.

When



# MEN-MIRACLES. A Poem. 33

When *Will* they take to give him *Ayre*,  
And *seate* him on *broad-naile* of *Chaire*.  
And *Pusse* from *him* they severed *farte*.  
Least they *returue* at *unaware*.

This *Pauze* (while *Combatants* were *still*)  
Heard *Votes* for *Pusse*, and *Votes* for *Will*.  
For *Factions* part, as did the *Ring*.  
And their *divided suffrage* bring.  
But the discreet *Indifferents*, they  
For the most part gave *Will* the day,  
For though some urge (that though *Will* bleed)  
His hand way'd an *assistant* *Reed*.  
And that the *Pusse* did *Weapon scorne*  
But what was with her *Catt ship borne*.

They thus *Reply*, suppose one *spide*,  
Who *borne* was with his *sword* by's *side*,  
Must *Will* fight with him (*sword* and all)  
Because that *sword* is *naturall*?

Is he *Will's* *match*, say you that *listend*,  
Because his *Carters-shop* was *Christned*?

But that which most the day did bend  
Was from the *Combats* *different end*.  
*Will's* *beat* from *glory* first did rise,  
And a *just* sense of *Injuries*.  
*Pusse*, not to *vanquish*, but to *Eat*,  
Let for her *Honour*, then her *Meat*.

# 34 MEN-MIRACLES. *A Poem.*

Poore Trencher Duellist, if she fight,

No courage, 'tis but Appetite.

And this to swayd her, she was scene

To have re-entred *list* agen,

And feircely to his Foot she goes

With fresh Defiance to his Toes.

But *Will* disabled now to rise,

By losse of blood and freinds advise

Subscribed without more adoe,

To save his foot to part with Shooe.

"Wise Merchant thus on second thought,

"To save the Ship throw s ore the Fraught,

He parts with shooes, whence doth appeare,

*Twas* his discretion, not his feare.

For still he cryd with held up Knuckles,

You Rav'nous *Queene* returne my *Buckles*.





A  
CURSE TO  
*VULCAN*,  
Occasioned by a great  
Fire in OXFORD, which  
began at the roasting  
of a PIGGE 1643.

**P**Ox take you, *Vulcan*, & may that curse spread  
All the *Pye-Corner* curses on thy head  
What? not a *Pigge* the Parsons *Vanson* drest,  
But needs your Cuckoldship must be a Guest,  
And make the same Dish w. thout more adoe,  
Roasted and *smoakt* be *Pigge* and Bacon too?  
Shame on your foule *West phalia* teeth, for me,  
Your next *Pigge* shall be *sonc's* with a vengeance t' ye.  
Some *Haus* should cause sure made you visit us,  
Tis for the *Wives* sake you love *Swines* flesh thus,

For her Tyth Vrchin *Cupid* without doubt,  
Was *Littord Pigge*, and his eyes *Rosted* out.

Time was, ere your so furious Rites did rise,  
A penny-Faggot was a Sacrifice. (say

Some heard your Engine *Browne*, the Woodman  
Six Billets cloyd you on a Gaydy day.

But now those lesty Piles which lately stood,  
The pride of *Shot-over*, and *Bagley Wood*,

Are *By-Repast*, and homely Diet growne;

Nought can allay your Fury, but a *Towne*.

Well give me but your *Tosted* fist a while,

And I shall shew you in this Ruind Pile, (where

(Like him that shoves the *Tombes*, and's own Nose)

Those *Graves* and *Dust* are now, and whose they were.

You din'd Hell doe you good on't, at the *Pigge*,

Which sure was *Rosted* well, were't nere so *bigge*.

But not content to feed as you could catch,

On so course Meat as *Hospitable* Thatch,

You foam'd and chaf'd, tasted the *Barnes*, and *Hay*,

And swallowed all the *Wood yards* in the Way.

And then you and your warme Tempestuous Trayne,

Followd by sent into a close *by-Lane*. *New Inne*

Where you had seiz'd the Mint, but that withall *Lane*.

*Aurum Porabile* was too Cordiall.

Where you had injur'd those by Rash designs *Sir W.P. by*

Whom virtue more then all thy *Flame* Refines. *Quarter*.

But

But Fire's a *Glutton, Vulcan*, all the Rest  
 Did but *provoke*, the *Shambles* were your *Feast*.  
 Here while you *Rove* about and *Wanton* runne,  
 Fleſh was your *Fuell* and *Proviſion*.  
 Here you fell on amaine, and fed as hard,  
 As you had been a *Gyant* o'the *Guard*.  
*Entrailes* and *Skinnes* goe to't, and All you eate,  
 The *Stalles* and *Beeves*, the *Trenchers*, and the *Meate*.  
 Buildings on either hand submit their height,  
 While Flame consumes what did ſupport their Weight.

And here an *Honeſt Loyall* Printer dwelt, *L.L.Pr. to*  
 Who all the *Furie* of the *Tempeſt* felt, *the Univerſ;*  
 One that had never yet deſerv'd theſe *Fires*,  
 By trying how well *Treaſon* looks in *Quires*.  
 Nor *Printing Votes*, where letters forward lye,  
 But muſt be read ſtill with an *Hebrew Eye*.  
 Where *Truths* runne *Counter*, that which way they goe,  
*Rabbines* and *Sea Crab*, which goe backward, know.  
 He to caſt *Ordinance* was ſtill afraid,  
*Bell-Mettle* Letters he ul'd none in's *Trade*,  
 Nor *deſperate Orders* ever did he dreſſe,  
 Where *Inke* and *Conſcience* are both ith' *Preſſe*.  
 That when the *Woike* is ore 'tis hard to ſtate  
 If *booke* or *Printer* ſhould be ſtitcht up ſtraight.

But ſee the ſtorme on to the *Maire-Maid* hies,  
 And ſwifter then the *ſwimmes* the lightning *flies*.

The *Metropolitan, Italian roome*  
*Royals* now was wondrous neare his doome.  
 And in the *Cellar* to a generall drench,  
 Had reconcil'd the *Spaniard* and the *French*. F H.  
 But *Frank* his *Neighbours* was and the *Poore* *scarcely*, *Vint*.  
 These helpe him with their *Buckets*, these their *Pray'r*.  
 The *double-Janus Church* that looks *four* wayes,  
 Shelterd almost as much as it *surveys*.  
 Else though the *Maire-maid* in the *Ocean* stand,  
 The *Storme* had seis'd on both her *Combe* and *Hand*,  
 To trimme her *haire* henceforth she will not passe,  
 Ish' *Pale* of *water*, rather then the *Glasse*.

Next as the last dayes active vengeance flies,  
 When 'twill be one to *ruine* and *surprise*.  
 When none can aske if *Fire* be here or there,  
 Cause they shall finde it scatter'd every where.  
 So now the *Quere* alter'd, doubts flow hor,  
 Not where it was, but where the flame was not;  
 For from the *Point* which did the *Onset* lend,  
 Till the quicke flame was at her *Journeys* end,  
 All was on fire at once, no stoppe was seene,  
 No halt or stage, and then set out agen.  
 One direct equall line convey'd the *Aire*,  
 It blew by *Art*, destroy'd by *Rule* and *Square*,  
 The *Mathematicke* wind precisely hit,  
 As *Archimedes* hand had levell'd it.

On

On in this line *Vulcan*, your *honestie* comes, Mr H.  
 Where the low *Kitchin* built the *Upper Roomes*, L.  
 Old *Smith* a thrifty *Cooke* this *stone pile* lent, house.  
 'Twas once his *House*, but now his *Monument*.  
 Here you were  *nibling*, and had fed apace,  
 But he threw *scalding water* in your *Face*.  
 And thou be' it wise, *Vulcan*, come here no more,  
 The *Builder* fetcht it out oth' *Fire before*.  
 But though the *maine erection* safe be found,  
 Th' *Appur'tances*, *Out-houses* were burnt to th' ground.  
 And there three *Hogs* did perish in the fire,  
 While they conceiv'd 'twas but a warmer *Mire*.  
 That *Devils* enterd *Hogs* was once *divine*,  
 But *Hell it selfe* went here into the *Swine*.  
 And here it wav'd, but *stay* did not endure, D. Cl. his  
 The *Fever* durst not come so nigh the *Cure*. house.  
 At last alowd the *thirsty* *Varlet* laughd,  
 Dranke downe three *wealthy Brewers* at a draught,  
 They could have playd you *Barrels* without faile,  
 Had you beene a *Conscionable Land whale*.  
 You injurd here, your fury climbing higher, Sir G.B. his  
 Those knowne and tryd in a more *searching fire*, quart.  
 They suffred here, but their first sufferings came  
 From those that set the *Kingdome* in a *flame*.  
 They lost two *Coaches* here, but they have arts,  
 For those *Incendiaries* to find out *Carts*.  
 Thence



Thence you with your intoxicated Heele,  
 Ore Chimney-Tops to *Bacons Cause-way* reele.  
 Out, out you *Salamander*, turne not here,  
 On to your *Woodmonger* and warme your Beere!

---

*The Life and Death of Jacke the  
 Nimble, cheife saddle Nagge*

*to Doctor S. C. of C.*

THE *Trojan Horse* as *Homer* notes,  
 Was fill'd with *Men*, instead of *Oates*.  
 And if for *Provender* he seekes,  
 They brought him *halfe a pecke of Greekes*.  
 An *Army* came, and he was for't all,  
*Grasse* and *Hay*, the men were *Mortall*,  
 Yet sure it would amaze a stranger,  
 To see an *Army* in his manger.  
 But *Nimble Jacke* despis'd this *Fable*,  
 Nor was a *Sinon* *Groome* on's *Stable*.  
*Jacke* was no *Sir Atagem* I tell yee,  
 To put his *Riders* in his *Belly*:  
 Nor *Gin* as knowes the *Officer William*,  
 To ruine all the men of *Ilium*.

But

But leaves this Record of his fall,  
 He ne're was such a Canniball,  
 But gentle Sirs, if youl be quiet,  
 Weel tell you more then of his *Dies!*  
 His *Comely crest*, his *goodly Ey*,  
 And all his *Physognomie*,  
 His eare erect, his *cleanely Nose*,  
 That ne're was troubled with a *Pose*.  
 Or the moist Glaunders, whose releife  
 Might make him weare a *Handchercheife*.  
 His Ivory Teeth now weepe, for harke,  
 I thinke they scarce outliv'd the marke.  
 His head was *neate*, which he *held in*  
 Like *Maides* that force a *Double Chin*.  
 So spruce so coy it still did sit,  
 Either with *Snaffle* or with *Bir*:  
 Breast sirly broad, and Backe, I take it,  
 Could ne're be saddled, calld when naked,  
*Full Flanke*, *Round Belly*, if you mind it  
 With Legs *lesore*, and eke behind it,  
 And so descend we to his Shankses,  
 Which ne're were knowne to either Bankes.  
 Not him, who when you heare it youl  
 Say, kept the Horses dancing *Schoole*:  
 He taught them Congee all, and *bow*,  
 And *cringe*, nay aske not, God knowes how,

But

But *this* though ne're so well h'ad knowne ye,  
 Had carriage faire, *sanx Ceremany*.  
 Yet *Jacke*, though plaine, defies the Devill,  
 To say he ever was *uncivill*,  
 And did not greet both *Cloake* and *Gowne*,  
 As much as any *horse* in Towne:

But there's another *Banke* I wisse,  
 Whom *Jacke* knew not no more then this:  
 Who though he after kept a Taverne,  
 Shod's horse with *Gold* yellow as *Safferne*.  
 From him *Jacke* alwayes kept aloofe,  
 Finer in *Body* then in *Hoofe*.  
 And held it ill to prounce in street,  
 With's Masters whole estate at's feet.  
 And casting shoe did never hoppe,  
 Instead oth' Smith toth' Goldsmiths shop.

This for his *Bulke* for speed alas  
 A freer ne're made meale on *Grasse*.  
 And since the wise *Horse* *Heraulds* finde,  
 He was a Beast of *Spanish* kinde.  
 Begot in the *Iberian* coast,  
 Where winds get Nags to travel Post.

But, Reader, though we praise *Jacke* thus,  
 We grant he was no *Pegasus*,  
 Though prance he doth, though heeles he flings,  
 Yet we allow he had no wings.

For

For Sir, I tell you in a word,  
*Jacke* was a Horse, and not a Bird.  
Heel take it ill, if after ages  
Shall thinke his *stables* were his *cages*.

And now 'twould puzzle wisest Carrier,  
Or Beasts *Hippocrates* the Farrier.  
To riddle what disease might call,  
Deare *Jacke* to his disastrous fall.  
Twas neither filthy *Bots*, nor *Sparvin*,  
Which other horses ofren have in  
Their Flesh diseased, he did not founder,  
His legs were smooth as any *Flourder*.  
Not sicke of what men call the *yellow*,  
Nor over-rode did melt his *Tallow*.  
But come from *Uxbridge* died to see  
So many *men* more Beasts then *He*,  
Who would not yeild the King his *right*,  
As who should say, nay then *good night*.

## Song.

## At the Holly-Bush Guard.

**C**leave the Eyes of the watch,  
 Lazy sleepe we dispatch  
 From hence as farre as Ded-ford,  
 For the Flocker-Bed and Feather,  
 We expose to the Weather,  
 And hang all Sheetes in the Bed-cord.

Then sleepe, sleepe, and enjoy your Beds,  
 You quiet drowzy Heads,  
 May the furies of the Night,  
 Scarlet fleas you affright,  
 And pinch you blacke and yellow.  
 But the plumpe brawny Louse,  
 Scornes the shelter of the House,  
 Oh! He is the Souldiers fellow.

The Goblins and the Jigge  
 We regard not a figge,  
 Our phanfes they cannot vary;  
 We nere pity Girles, that doe  
 Finde no Treasure in their Shooe,  
 But are nipt by the Tyrannous Faÿ.

Then

Then sleepe, sleepe, &c.

Lift! the Noise of the chaires,  
Wakes the Wench to her Pray'rs,  
Queene Mab comes worse then a Witch in;  
Backe and Sides she entailes  
To the Print of her Nails,  
Sheele teach her to snort in the Kitchen.

Then sleepe, sleepe, &c.

Some the Night-mare hath prest  
With that Weight on their Breast,  
No Returnes of their Breach can passe.  
But so us the Tale is addle,  
We can take off her Saddle,  
And turne out the Night-mare to Grasse.

Then sleepe, sleepe, &c.

Now no more will we harke  
To the Charmes of the Larke,  
Or the tunes of the early Thrush,  
All the Woods shall retire,  
And submit to the Quire  
Of the Birds in the Holly-Bush.

Then

Then sleepe, sleepe, &c.

*While the Country Lasse,  
With her Dairy doth passe,  
Our joyes no Tongue can utter:  
For we Centinells stand,  
And exact by command  
The Excise of her Lips and Butter.*

Then sleepe, sleepe, &c.

### The Wake.

**I**, *And whither shall we goe?  
To the Wake I tro:  
Tis the Village Lord Majors show,  
Oh! to meet I will not faile,  
For my pallat is in haste,  
Till I sippe againe and cast,  
Of the Nut Browne Lasse and Ale*

*Feele how my Temples ake  
For the Lady of the Wake,*

*Her*



*Her Lips are as soft as a Medlar;  
 With her Posies and her points,  
 And the Ribbons on her joints,  
 The Device of the Feilds and the Pedlar.*

---

*Enter Maurice Dancer.*

**W***ith a Noife and a Din,  
 Comes the Maurice Dancer in.  
 With a fine Linnen Shirt, but a Buckram skin,  
 Oh! he treads out such a Peale  
 From his paire of legs of Vcale,  
 The Quarters are Idols to him,  
 Nor doe those Knaves inviron,  
 Their Toes with so much Iron,  
 Twill ruine a Smith to shooc him.  
 I, and then he flings about,  
 His Sweat and his clout,  
 The Wiser thinke it two Ells:  
 While the Yeomen finde it meet,  
 That he jangle at his feet,  
 The Fore-horses right Eare Jewels.*

*E*

*Enter*

## Enter the Country Fidler.

**B**ut before all be done,  
 With a Christopher strung,  
 Comes Musicke none, though Fidler one,  
 While the Owle and his Grandchild,  
 With a Face like a Manchild,  
 Amaz'd in their Nest,  
 Awake from their Rest,  
 And seeke out an Oake to laugh in,  
 Such a dismall chance,  
 Makes the Church-yard dance,  
 When the Screech Owles guts string a Coffin,  
 When a Fidlers coarse  
 Catches cold and grows hoarse,  
 Oh ye never heard a sadder,  
 When a Round-headed sinner,  
 Makes his will before Dinner,  
 To the Tune of the Nooze and the Ladders

---

## Enter the Taberer.

**I**, but all will not doe,  
 Without a Passe or two,  
 From him that pipes and tabers the Tattoo,

Hees

*Hees a man that can tell'em,  
 Such a Jgge from his Vellam;  
 With his Whistle and his Club,  
 And his brack halfe Tub,  
 That I thinke there ne're came before ye,  
 Though the Mothes lodged in't,  
 Or in Manuscript or print,  
 Such a pitifull Parchment story.  
 He that hammers like a Tinker  
 Kettle Musicke is a sinker,  
 Our Taberer bids him hearke it,  
 Though he thrash till he sweates,  
 And out the Bottome beates  
 Of his two Doffer Drummes to the Market.*

---

### Enter the Bag-piper.

**B** Ag-piper good lucke on you,  
 Th'art a man for my money,  
 Him the Beares love better then Honey.  
 How he tickles up his skill,  
 With his Bladder and his Quill,  
 How he swels till he blister,  
 While he gives his mouth a Glistre,  
 Nor yet does his Physicke greive him;

*His Chops they would not tarry,  
For a try'd Apothecary,  
But the Harper comes in to releive him.*

---

*Enter the Harper.*

**W***Hose Musicke tooke its fountaine,  
From the Bogge or the mountaine,  
For better was never afforded.  
Strings hoppe and rebound,  
Oh the very same Sound  
May be stricke from a Truckle-bed coarded.*

---

*Epilogue.*

*The Witney Prayer.*

**N***ow God a bleſſe King Charles, and ſend him to  
be merry.  
And bring our Noble Queene a ſafe over the Ferry.  
The Prince, marry ſave him, and the Duke his owne  
Brother.  
God a bleſſing light upon him, he is eene ſuch another.  
I ſay the Dukes Worſhip, for and whoſe ſweet ſake  
Was a cheifely intended we of Witney, and the Wake.*

*Maſter*

Master W. H. his Song to his  
Wife at *Windsor*.

**T**Is not the guilt of uncancell'd scores  
Frights me from thee,  
No Ale-wifes Doores

Doe Penance in chalke for me :

No Easterne character

Inscrib'd on the post,

Of an Hebrew host,

Against me can appeare.

Nere had I the repute,

To be skill'd in the Roote,

Nor indeed was I ever willing,

To discover ty what hadde

The Fat Harlot of the Tappe

Writes at night and at noone,

For a Teste halfe a Moone,

And a great Round O for a Shilling.

Yet when the Youthfull vigorous Grape

Doth becken me,

That comely shape,

Doth create no Antipathy,

And yet no Rubies shine,

*Nowe Glistering lyes,*  
*To dazle mine eyes,*  
*My Flesh is no Chimicke mine:*  
*No Jeweller so base*  
*Shall keepe shop in my face.*  
*Nor drinke I so much to disclose,*  
*By fresh Pimples that rise,*  
*Where the Reckoning lies,*  
*That the Barre-Boy may point*  
*Out the Quart and the Pinte,*  
*And make up his Scores by my Nose,*  
*But when no Indentures rise,*  
*When none consent,*  
*For seaven-yeares lies*  
*To be bound to the Parliament:*  
*When Venne shall be tame,*  
*And see us despise,*  
*The whites of his Eyes,*  
*And the Verilyes of his Dames,*  
*Oh then am I in case,*  
*To come and see thy Face,*  
*Weel have Fire and a Chimney smoaking,*  
*Holy Ven by degrees*  
*Shall begin to freeze,*  
*For if Treason failes,*

*He may blow his Naitles,  
Tis the second Trade that he broke in.*



*The Spy of the Buttery,  
Or the Welsh Dove:*

*Walias,  
Jacke Price the feirce  
To the Cooke Dicke Peirce.  
This newes was tell her,  
From the Kings Cellar.*

**D**icke, I had wrote to thee before,  
But filthy Fairefax (say no more)  
Thou knowst 'twould be a dismall hearing,  
To send a Letter out pickearing.  
Your Better sort of Letters goe,  
With Pistols at the Saddle-Bow,  
And though surpriz'd they much condole,  
May be dismiss'd upon Paroles  
But mine once snapt goes sure to Prison,  
Nay faith perhaps they'd slit her Weezon.



And oh the *Rogues* how would they vapour,  
 To see the *Carcase* of *Cap-paper*,  
 Yet now at last thou seest it comes,

But stay here, *Dicke*, and wipe your *Thumbs*.  
 And now if *Freind* gaine *Freinds* beleife,  
 I've tasted nought but *powder'd Beefe*,  
 And (*Sirrah*) that in my opinion,  
 Greene as the *driven Leekes* or *Onion*,  
 Come *Dicke* I would make your *Pallat* whine,  
 To spit *Salt-Peter* and *pisse Brine*.  
 I would the King were bound to dubbe  
 Each man, whose *Gut's* a *Powdring Tubbe*  
 A freind of yours if he were righted,  
 Would not be long from being *Knighted*:  
 But that's all one, I long to sticke,  
 For such another fortnights *Pickle*.  
 Our *Beefe* was *salt*, but haake it *Cozen*,  
 We kill'd *fresh Round-heads* by the dozen,  
 I thinke the *Varlets* dare not utter,  
 How deare they paid for our *fresh Butter*,  
 By my consent if they would tarry,  
 The *Rogues* should rent the *Kingdomes Dary*  
 Methinkes their pay was faire and good,  
 A *pale of Milke* was two of *Blood*,  
 And ere their *Butter* gan to coddle  
 A *Bullet churnd* with *Roundheads* *Noddle*.

Then

Then for their *Cheese*, when they Begunne it,  
 We opt their Veines to let out *Runnet*,  
 On *Bosly Causeway*, on our Words,  
 Their *Braines* lay thicker then their *Curd*.

And now I thinke on't I can't chuse  
 But give the more account oth' *Newes*,  
*Fairefax* in person *Northward* lay,  
 Thou knowst he drinkes that *Climats Whey*,  
 But oh! his *Tent* his *Tent* alacke!  
 'Twas nither *Greene*, nor *White*, nor *Blacke*,  
 But in such Colour it appears  
 Which mortall *scies*, and Mortall *feares*,  
 Riddle the *Raine-bow* Colours round,  
 Or plucke a *Pedlers packe* to ground,  
 See *Ribbons* which may binde your *Attires*,  
 See *Pointes* and if you can see *Gartirs*.  
 I say this *Pedler*, or that *Clowd*,  
 More *dismall colour* ne're allow'd  
 'Twas *flaming Crimson, Dick*, which did portend,  
 O *Oxford, Oxford* thou art at an end!  
 Like some fell *Comet* sure this must affright us,  
 Like that or'e the fam'd *City* sackt by *Titus*.  
 Or like a *flame* breath'd out by *Furze* or *Bavins*, (*vins*.  
 And *flame* thou knowst frights *Horses* worse then *Spa*-  
 Into this *dismall Tent* this fierce Knight comes,  
*Mumme* quoth the *Trumpets*, be unbrac't ye *Drummes*.

Then

Then *thrice* o're head bright glistering blade he shakes,  
 Thrice were our eyes much dazled for their sakes.  
 After some *Pause* and *Pause* thou knowest was *fitten*,  
 He pluckt his *Gantles* off, his *Iron Mitten*,  
*Oxford* (quoth he) on thee I'll have no pity,  
 For I am sent from far by the Committee.  
 The *Still-borne* child shall rue the day,  
 For want of *Butter*, *Milke* and *Whey*.  
*Diseased* Infants (Dire mishap!)  
 Shall with their *Coffins* full of *Pap*.  
*Custards* from thee 'tis I will thrust,  
 That shake like *Agnes* bak't in *Crust*.  
 No more no more of *fresh Cheese* dreame,  
 Which like an *Island* floates in *Creame*.  
 I and my men will eate eft soones,  
 Th' *Island* with *Knives*, that *Sea* with *Spoons*.  
 Thy *Cheese-cakes* fram'd I make no doubt,  
 Sometimes with *Plums*, sometimes without,  
 I'll send to *London's* *Lycorish Sisters*,  
 They'll coole their bodies more then *glisters*.  
 When they are full this fame may be begun,  
 I am their *Generall* and their *Islington*.  
 At this, one Night it must be said,  
 Our Governour that Gallant *Blade*,  
 But to the wise thou knowest few words,  
 He drew us out, we drew our *Swords*.

Ah' twinkling of a zealous ey,  
 Downe fell their foot, their horse they fly.  
 We kil'd and tooke, like *Mice* in Cupboard,  
 Two hundred *Varlets Dicke*, and upward.  
 In what a case *Dicke* think 'st thou than  
 Was *Fairesfax* feince the *Dairy-man*?  
 And which shooke most, guesse by his Screeches,  
 His *Earth-quake Custards*, or his *Breeches*.  
 To *Marson* bridge who scaped went,  
 There stood the *Bloudy-Dairy Tent*:  
 Slah't to the Bridge they come, but one supposes;  
 Without the Bridges of their *Noses*.

Now *Dicke*,  
 At other Ports lay *Browne* and others,  
 In time they'l curse they ere had Mothers.  
 Twas *Browne* I say, and thou mayest tell it,  
 Oh that's a heart of *Oake* like *Billet*.  
 We claw'd him from each Counterscarfe,  
 Sure his *Accounts* come short at's *Wharfe*:  
 From every *Port* we kill d the *Maggots*,  
 There's one, there's two, so on like *Faggots*.  
 The *East* line common *souldiers* kept,  
 The *North* the *Honest Townesmen* swept.  
 The *West* was man'd by th' *Loyall Schollers*,  
 Whose *Gownes* you slave are blacke as *Colliers*.

They

They taw'd it faith, their *Gunnes* would hit,  
 As sure as they had *studied* it.  
 They ramm'd their *Buller*, they would ha't in,  
*Bounce* went the *Noise*, like *Greece* and *Latine*.  
 And for their *Colonell* moreover,  
 It was the valiant *Earle of Dover*.  
 These *Knaves* talkt much oth' *siege of Troy*,  
 And at this *siege* they leapt for *Joy*.  
 They defied *Fairefax* and his *Forces*.  
 Said he was *Sinon* and brought *WoodienHorses*.  
 Now for the *South port Dicke*, why there I say  
 The Noble *Loyall*, stout *Lord Kipper* lay,  
 His men made th' *Rascalls* cry they were mistaken,  
 To shew their hungry teeth at *Friar-Bacon*.  
 They conjurd 'em yfaith and laid 'em dead,  
 As each therē *Helmet* were a *Brasen head*.  
 I thinke the *Knaves* will hardly be in heart,  
 Where *Courage* is, and they suspect *Blacke Art*.  
 'Tis strange by both the buckles of my *Girdle*,  
 The *Deele* tooke *Roundheads*' cause they were oth' *circle*  
 Yet *pluto* cryed they need not be so eager,  
 For why their *Hheads* alone were in that *Figure*.  
 But to conclude *Dicke* all *Ports* played their parts,  
 As they had had some *finger* in those *Arts*.  
 And all the *Rebels* are runne hence so fast,  
 As twere from *Bacon* yes and *Vandermaß*.

Postscript.

## Postscript.

**B**Ecause her *Inglis* was no very better,  
 Was cote *another* rite this Letter.  
 But *Aule* before, and *behind*, and *beside* that riteings,  
 Was her owne naturall inditeings.

I rest, a matter of *four*e times thy *thrice*  
 humble Servant, *Shon Price*.

---

**Y**Et for aule her *hast*,  
 Here's a *preamble* at last:  
 Now let her beware in any wise,  
 From shuffle her *Leters* under *Pies*.  
 For marke you me now, tefe ferses under,  
 Was put her in mind for send her som *plunder*.  
 Was long to give a *Numbassader* a *Tester*,  
 For bring her a *Sattin* *Douset* from *Lester*.

*Verses made in Bed to one studying  
 in the same Chamber.*

**G**Et thee to bed, I say, that gowne and knacker  
 Present thee *PRIAM* shrunk to *ASTYCHAN*,

Thrice

Three gilded Caps a poreing sure I view  
 Some *Munmouth*'d youth that lies and stinkes perdue  
 All thou read'st there is *Watch-word* sure, and then  
 Stead of a sword lies drawne a *Valiant Pen*.

So the well fur'd Sire that gives the *Midnight* knell,  
 And see thy *Tinckling standish* for a *Bell*.

Looke now thou yawn'st too: afore *Jove* I shall

Heare thee anon snore out, *Good People* all.

But to be serious, preethy to bed, goe rest,

Young man thou canst not famish at a Feast.

*Phæbus* thou know'st the God of Wit is sed

To study but the *Day*, and then to *Bed*.

I love thy brave attempt, but pray forsake,

The flow'r thus deckt with honey shrouds a snake.

Where am I freind? I dreamt I told thee right,  
 But thou hast almost wakt me, *James Good night*.

*Epithalium. To Mistress M. A.*

Rise from your *Virgin* sheets, that be  
 Fy on them a meere *Nunnery*.

Who solitary Winters leads,

Turnes *Bracelets* to *Religious* Beads.

The Virgin that at Hymen stickes,

Should sell her *Gemmes* for th' *Cruisfix*.



For she's a *Nun* the Sages tell,  
 That lies alone though in no *Cell*.  
 She midst her *Liberties* confin'd,  
 Her *Bodie's* cloister to her *mind*.  
 Be they immur'd whose looks are wore  
 Pale as the *Reliques* they adore.  
 Where cheekes the *Rose* and *Lilly* paint,  
 A *Bridegroom* is the onely *Saint*.

Then as faire *Roses* to each other laid,  
 Unite their blushes, and are *Garlands* made,  
 So you, who when you are asunder onely shun,  
 One *Starre* will shine a *Constellation*.

---

## Song.

## Cook-throwing.

**C**ocke a doodle-doe, tis the bravest game,  
 Take a Cocke from his Dame,  
 And bind him to a stake,

How he struts, how he throwes,  
 How he swaggers, how he crowes,  
 As if the Day newly brake:  
 How his Mistress cackles,  
 Thus to find him in shackles.

And

*And tryed to a Packe-thread Garter?  
 Oh the Beares and the Bulls,  
 Are but Corpulent Gulls  
 To the Valiant Shrove-Tide Martyr?*

---

*Saylers Song.*

**H**ere is a *Bowle* in whose wide coasts,  
 Navies may swimme like *winter Toasts*,  
 Which to drinke off if he were minded,  
*Æolus* would prove short winded,  
 Tis to the *Queene*, downe let it fall,  
 There goes *Ocean*, *Ships* and all.  
 Hoise *Sailes* againe, and still provide  
 New supplies to maintaine the *Tyde*,  
 For when we the dry *Bottom* knocke,  
 Then we are *split*, ô there's the *Rocke*.  
 Here like a *Whale* my spacious gut  
*Sports*, and then *devoures* a *But*;  
 Store me with one deliberate suppe,  
 No *storme* shall sooner tisse it up.  
 Tis *wide* and *deepe*, be sure you fill't:  
 Twill make an *Ocean* run a *Tilt*.  
 Drinke *shallow* first, then *drowne* your *Oare*;  
 No *danger* but to come a *shore*.  
 For when we, &c,

Song

## Song againſt Ale.

**C**ome your Ale is a liquor,  
 Drawes thicker and thicker,  
 'Tis the damme to that Heretique Beere,  
 Twas begot in a huddle,  
 By a Fogg and a Puddle,  
 Which the Beames of the Toaſt cannot cleere,  
 'Tis a Magicall charme,  
 Turnes wit into Barme,  
 'Tis a Spell 'gainſt the Muſes and Braines;  
 Doth Pegasus force,  
 To be a Brewers Horſe,  
 And ſtuffes up his Manger with Graines,  
 Lay Hippocrene flat,  
 Aſleepe in a Fat,  
 To be laugh't at by every Lay-man,  
 Each Muſe that comes after,  
 Turnes Surlers daughter,  
 And Apollo himſelfe to a Dray-man.

F

Ralph's

*Ralph's speciall Care,  
His Bill of fare.*

Or

*A Caveat to the Foes that they beware 'em  
In starving Omnium Animarum.  
Which may be sung up and downe,  
To the Tune of Troy Towne.*

**W**Hen Oxford Towne full fortnight seige,  
Fairfax withstood that dreadfull Maggor,  
Ralph P.ovidore for stranger leige-  
People, 'gainst Browne and Penny Faggot.  
Brought this Browne Bill at legall Summons,  
Before the Lords, God bleſſe the Commons.

Mourhes female some, and some were Male,  
For both he caters and beseeches,  
You would be pleas'd to take his tale  
Of food for Aprons, and for Breeches.

*Marke his Browne Bill, &c.*

Imprimis,

4 quarter of wheate,

2 of Maſtlyn,

2 of Peaſe.

Four

Four Quarters *Wheate*, of *Maſtlyn* twaine,  
 Forbroth in Lent as much of *Peaſe*,  
 Both *Food* and *Phyſicke* hence we gaine,  
 Twill both the Belly fill and eaſe,  
*By his Browne Bill, &c.*

Item

6 flitches of Bacon,  
 4 Gammons,  
 1 Beefe and an halfe,  
 9 Salt Ecles.

Bacon wi h *Sword* and *Dagger* eke,  
 Full ſundry Flitches and backe Gammons;  
 Beefe ſalted greene as any *Leeke*,  
 Beſides *Salt Ecles*, would they were *Sawmons*.  
*Oh Ralphs Browne Bill, &c.*

Item

9 Pots of Butte<sup>r</sup>.

Some pots of *Butter*, more of *Ale*,  
 For why, quoth *Ralph*, and then he laugh<sup>t</sup>,  
 Although our *Sauce* and *Dairies* faile,  
 The Brewer churnes our mornings draught;  
*Sing Ralphs Browne Bill, &c.*

F 2

Item

Item,

3 hundred weight of Cheeses:

*Cheese Cheddar* some, all wondrous fat,  
And lest he should by *Rattes* be plunder'd,  
He keepes in fee a *leiger Car*,  
As Constable of every hundred,  
With his *Browne Bill*, &c.

Item

4 Bushels of Salt.

But lest his *Inventory* halt,  
And all his *Items* are undone,  
*Peter* is *Sirname* to his *Salt*,  
Twill season *Meate* or season *Gun*.  
Tis *Ralphs Browne Bill*, &c.

Item

9 Neates Tongues.

'Sfoot *Ralph's* a *Linguist*, and unlockes  
His Mouth to *Countries* farre and wide;  
*Dry'd Dialects* on Chimney stockes,  
Shew *Ralph* is onely *Neates-Tongue* ty'd.  
By *Ralph's Browne Bill*, &c.

Item

Item Grocers ware  
good store.

Then *Grocers Ware*, as *Sope* and *plumbs*,  
*Browne Candy* to perfume your Whistle,  
All goes through's *Providence*, or *Thumbs*,  
Sure *Ralph* is *Ralph* o'th' *Burning Pestle*.  
*Knight Ralphs Browne Bill*, &c.

Item  
7 Strike of  
Oatmeale.

But *Oatmeale* ho! you'd little thinke it,  
Boyle it, and boyl't againe o're *Fuell*,  
You may or *eate* it *Maides* or *drinke* it,  
*Ralph* hath a care of *Water Grewell*,  
*In his Browne Bill*, &c.

Song.

**Y**ou that fish for Dace and Roches,  
Carpes or Tenches, Bonus noches,

F 3

Thou



*Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,  
When the Friday signe was Fishes.  
Anglers yeares are made and spent,  
All in Ember weekes and Lent.*

*Breake thy Rod about thy Noddle,  
Through thy wormes and flies by the Pottle,  
Keepe thy Coirke to stoppe thy Bottle,  
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard,  
To shave his Beard,  
That in case of started stiches,  
Hooke and Line may mend thy Breaches.*

*He that searches Pooles and Dikes,  
Halters Jackes, and strangles Pikes,  
Let him know, though he thinke he wise is,  
Tis not a sport but an Affizes.  
Fish so tooke, were the case disputed,  
Are not tooke, but executed.*

*Breake thy Rod, &c.*

*You whose Pastes fox Rivers throat,  
And make his pay her Groat,  
That from May to parcht October,  
Scarce a Minevv can sleepe sober.*

*Be your Fish in Oven thrust,  
And your owne Red-Paste the crust.*

Breake thy Rod, &c.

*Hookes and Lines of larger sizes,  
Such as the Tyrant that troubles devises,  
Fishes nere, beleive his Fable,  
What he calls a Line is a Cable.  
That's a Knaue of endlesse Rancor,  
Who for a Hooke doth cast in an Anchor.*

Breake thy Rod, &c.

*But of all men he is the Cheater,  
Who with small fish takes up the Greater,  
He makes Carpes without all dudgeon  
Make a Jonas of a Gudgeon,  
Cruell man that slayes on Gravell  
Fish that Great with Fish doth Travell.*

Breake thy Rod, &c.

## To my Lady Ch:

Madam,

**T**Enants with *Aches* and *fore eyes*,  
 Or he that on his *Death Bed* lyes,  
 And now must dye, when it is knowne,  
 That you who were their *Cure* are gone,  
 Suffers not more in your *Remove*.

Not the *Parson*, who I'm sure is loath,  
 To shake hands with your *Table-Cloath*.  
 Whose slender soule could never looke,  
 For freind at *Chickley* but the *Cookes*  
 And onely doth your *Chimney* love:

He whom your *Meales* could onely fix,  
 Who loves you just at *Twelve* and *Six*.  
 Who greives for th'*Servants*, not that they  
 Seeme to depart, but *take away*,  
 And leave not *Empty house* but *load*.

How will he preach when first he sees,  
 Nought to inspire him but his *Cheese*?

And

And that so hard and void of sappe,  
It maimes more *Rats* then doth the *Trappe*,  
When they assault his *Thrifty* Hoard.

Thus much I owe him for's delay,  
O'th Blisse which in your *Papers* lay,  
Should you then *Madam* hide your smiles,  
As farre in *Lands* as now in *Miles*,  
My zealous verse should trace you out, and then  
Heel write while he hath either *Hand* or *Pen*.

*who subscribes himselfe, &c.*

---

### Song.

#### *Celia* in love.

**I** Felt my heart and found a flame,  
That for releife and shelter came:  
I entertain'd the treacherous guest,  
And gave it welcome in my breast.  
poore *Celia*, whither wilt thou goe?  
To coole in *Streames*, or freeze in *Snow*?  
Or gentle *Zephyros* intreat,  
To chull thy flames and fanne thy heat?

*perhaps*

perhaps a Tapers fading Beames  
 May dye in Aire, or quench in streames;  
 But Love is a Mysterious fire,  
 Nor can in Aire or Ice expire.  
 Nor will this Phœnix be suppress,  
 But with the ruine of his Nest.

---

## Song.

## Celia Sowning.

**T**Here on a flowry pillow spread  
 Faire Celia her declining head,  
 When death disguis'd like gliding sleepe,  
 Did gently ore her Silence creepe.  
 Her Rose and Lillies drooping ly,  
 The Sun was set in Celas ey.  
 Her Lips were Twinnes of Corall growne,  
 Bloud hardned into Blushing stone,  
 Her Teeth their motions did depose,  
 And made their Ivory Kisses close.  
 Her fragrant Breath his sweetes suppress,  
 Retiring to perfume her Breast.  
 Her Pulses slept and did constrain  
 Their Daunces in her Azure veine.

But

But Gentle Love who this did spie,  
 Kept still his Ambush in her Ey,  
 And joyd at his faire Prison shooke  
 His silver shafis, then Celia wooke:  
 But when the Nymph reviving spied,  
 The amorous Boy, Oh then she cried,  
 Ye Gods receive againe this Breath,  
 For Love is but a Lasting Death.

---

## Song.

*Calliope invited to sing.*

*Thyrsis. Calliope.*

Thyrsis. **S**ing divine Calliope,  
 Enrich our Quire  
 With thy sweet voice and mellow Lyre,  
 And Gods that listen to the sound,  
 While Orbes walke their harmonious Round,  
 Shall learne to tune their Sphaeres by thee.

Calliope. Ah me, I cannot sing,

No chearefull note  
 Can cleare my sad untuned throat,  
 And then my Lute is so decayd,

Sarps

*Satyrs will start and be afraid,  
At the wild discord of the string;*

*Thyrsis. On yonder trembling bough,  
Sad Philomel,*

*Her cheape and frequent tale did tell,  
But ravisht with thy pleasant song,  
Lisp'd all thy Musicke on her tongue,  
And hath forgot her story now.*

*Calliope. Poore Philomel I pittie thee.  
O twice deceived,  
Of honour and of Tune bereav'd.  
The salvage Tereus did thee wrong,  
But yet he left thee still thy song,  
And now thou owest that losse to me.*

*Thyrsis. Faire Nymph it is no paine  
To change for gaine.*

*Chorus. Then let our musicke mixe their loud  
Harmonious aires, and make one cloud.  
That joining Tunes with Tunes we may,  
Each still enjoy their owne, and each each others lay.*

**Dialogue.**



Dialogue.

*Thyrsis. Cloris.*

*Cloris.* **I** Preethy *Thyrsis* tell me true,  
What did I when I first lov'd you?

*Thyrsis.* Then first thy breast became to be,  
Great *Cupids* Throne. *Clo:* Pray who is he?

*Thyrsis.* A Beauteous Boy, whose Ivory Bow,  
And shafts in *Lovers Bosoms* grow,

*Cloris.* O he's a wondrous cruell guest,  
That makes a *Quiver* of a Breast.

*Thyrsis.* Both *Bow*, and *Shafts*, and Boy doe dwell  
In *Lovers Breasts*. *Clo:* I preethy tell,

How can a Boy be bred in me,  
Who still professe *Virginity*?

*Thyrsis.* In thee or I, or any one alive,  
The amorous Boy may grow and thrive.

*Cloris.* Fye *Thyrsis*, fye, no more He seeke,  
Nor will I love thee now this weeke.

*Thyrsis.* Deare *Cloris* why? *Clo.* Delude me so?  
As if a Boy in thee could grow.

I am not I so soone beguild,

To thinke that men may be with child.

Tis

Tis not a sluggish Boy that seekes  
 To be matur'd by forty weekes,  
 His body is a *sable fire*,  
 Inform'd and quickened by desire.  
 Love me this Instant, and this instant you  
 Get him, conceive him, and bring forth too.  
*Cloris.* When first my labour did begin,  
 Why didst not call the Neighbours in?  
*Thyrsis.* No forraigne aide we need to prove,  
 Our selves are *Midwives* to our Love.  
*Chorus.* Strange Riddle love, whose births perplex,  
 And make us change and shift our sexe.  
*Men* may be *Mothers* to desire,  
 And *Virgins* pure may be his *Sire*.

---

### Irish-love Song.

**F**Or Creeches sake come pittyme.  
 O Hone, ish tis ty Love and bet  
 Phair ish ti promish and ti vow?  
 I trust 'em neder noder now.  
 But all ish goe, and tou unkind,  
 Dosh print ti wote and fett in wind:  
 Fee Donnell fee, i time repent.  
 Now by ti hant, o Hone I'me spent.

Not that I dye mine hart ish fore,  
But being deat can love no more.

---

To my Lord B. of Ch. when  
I presented him a Play.

My Lord,

**W**HO single Leases before, now *heaps* hath reard,  
And from one *Beast* hath ventur'd at a *Herd*:  
Hoping that *Altar* which indulg'd a *Roome*  
To the *foule Oxe*, will toth' *foule Hecatomb*.  
And that his *Gyant* need not acceptance feare,  
Cause 'tis ill shapt, for so his *Pigmies* were.  
For though the *staine* be greater now, and proud,  
And the *small* vapour swell'd into a *Cloud*,  
Yet still as was the *droppe* so is the *shower*,  
And all th' ill sent oth' *Garland* was ith' *Flower*.  
Since then *small* *Parcels* shew the greater, and  
We guesse th' *whole* *Monster* by its *face* or *hand*.  
Since by *lesse* papers, Sir, your judgement may  
Collect what *Prodigie* will be the *Play*:  
Let like his doubts your candour be allow'd,  
And that cleare *Beame* melt or expell his *cloud*.  
There are who poize our *Lumpe* with their least *dramme*,  
And shut up comedy in *Epigram*.

There

There are in whose each line a volume growes,  
 And can thrust all our *Garden* in their *Rose*.  
 Sir, I could name you many wits so bigge,  
 They could present you *Groves* for this *dry Twigge*.  
 There you might walke in shades, and every *Bough*,  
 Would crowne the pious Dew which made it grow.  
 When here the Plant hath hardly *bulke* for fire,  
 And set here foure yeares since is scarce a *Brier*.  
 Yet let it still grow on, you let *thornes* stand,  
 Which growth enables but to offend your hands  
 Nature lets *Serpents* live, although they bring  
 Nought but more *poison*, and enlarge their *sting*.  
 Your *skilfull* hand may file the *Rude Stone* pure,  
 And from that *poison* may create a *cure*.

---

To Dr. F. Deane of Ch. Ch.  
 now Vicechancellour of Oxford,  
 upon the Same occasion.

NOT that I begge degree, as understood,  
 To bring a *Trifle* and receive a *Hood*.  
 I nere expect a *Harvest* from one *seed*,  
 Or a faire *Sheafe* where I but plant a *weede*.

Yet

Yet sure I might begge titles onely lent  
 Toobey in *State*, *submit* in *Ornaments*,  
 The ambition's lawfull here, since 'tis your praise,  
 If all your *flowers* are *Roses*, all *Trees Bayes*.  
 Thus you may seat him high in his faign'd *Queens* view,  
 High as her selfe, and yet both kneele to you,  
 Be't then your honour onely to have found,  
 How to make *Princes Subjects*, and *bow crown'd*.

---

To my Lord C. An. 1640.

O Ur feares are shortned now, and while eyes,  
 Mourne a set Sun, we see another rise.  
 Your bright approach cleares all, and forbids they  
 Should *dread* a *Night*, who doe but *change* their *day*.  
 Know your great Father is supply'd in you,  
 The Casket's lost, yet we the Jewell view.  
 We misse not the *Perfections*, but their *Place*,  
 Tis the same *Beauty* in *another Face*,  
 You keepe the *Seale* still each your *A&h* in't,  
 Something that savours Royall, like that *Print*.  
 Your just wills law', and your command due *Taxe*,  
 And still you stampe *Decrees*, though not in *max*.  
 We begge of you we may the danger beare,  
 Since the *same Starre* moves in another *Spheare*,

We hope our Teares may lessen with your will,  
Since the pure *Current* runnes in *Christ* all still.

If not our Teares most willingly obey,

You may command *each droppe* into a *Sea*.

---

*To my freind M<sup>r</sup> J. F. at Leyden.*

**I**F my last Letter *drown'd* or *shipwrackt* be,  
Or like its Master never saw the Sea,  
What fate so ere it suffer'd, I have chose  
To see if *Vers*e hath better lucke, then *prose*.  
I send no *Trafficke* o're, no *thrifty ware*,  
Which quits the danger by 'ts *increase* and *share*.  
Fortune (I thanke her) saves me all that paine,  
He cannot *loose* by Seas that cannot *gaine*.  
When I trucke *Turkey-silkes*, or *Indian gold*,  
Then *threaten* rockes, and may the Barke not hold:  
But let that *voyage* still successfull be,  
Which covers nought beyond the Seas but *Thee*.  
And, gentle Pirates, let your valour know,  
To take the *Booties*, but let *Fremds*hips goe.

But if when large and greater ruines call,  
My Letters too must have their fate, their fall.  
There still remains one way to quit that care,  
Come see my *breast* and thou shalt reade them *there*.

For

For spight of *Angry winds*, and *Pirates Arr*,  
I scorn to finde a *Shipwracke* in my heart.

---

*To my Lady Ch.*

*Madam,*

**A** Riv'd at *Oxford* we can sadly view,  
How much they suffer who are snatch'd from you  
Yet thus *depriv'd*, we still reserve some sence,  
Though we leave you, we bring your favours thence.  
Your bounty still dispens'd, appear'd still new,  
As if that bounty like your *Beauty* grew,  
Each meale appear'd a *Herd*, and so well stor'd,  
As we had seene whole *pastures* on your Board.  
Nor were they *single* meales, for where you dine  
The *Table's* Altar, and the Parlour shrine,  
There th'Oxe as blest as in the *Temple* dies,  
And joyes when he is made your sacrifice.  
And when fate chaste *Doves* to your charger drives,  
There falls more *Innocent* then were their *lives*.  
Your feast now ended, *Madam*, all's not past,  
You feed your *Eyes* as you have fed our *Tast*.  
Clouds wrought so nicely we had sworne 'twould raine,  
But that your *Beauty* drew all up againe.

G 2

There

There *Heaven* so faire, and *Starres* so true appeare,

Astronomers need seeke no other *Spheare*.

Your *Needle* casts that *sky* with so rich grace,

As if your *Copy* meant to excell the face.

And now we climbe two stories height to see

How large *Art* proves in her *Epitome*,

A *Closet* where no *fucus* comes, no *Paint*,

To daube a *Fury*, and create a *Saint*,

No bought *Complexion* there, no such sage *Plot*,

As where the good face lies i'th *Gally Pot*.

*Bookes* are the *Objects* there, and yet none ly

Like famous *Palmerin*, or stout *Sir Guye*

No doubty *Don Quixote*, like those that fight,

With *Warlike Wind mill*, and then rise up *Knight*,

The *Bookes* are pious, and their owners are

Themselves *professers*, *Beauties* of the *Chaire*.

Now after these we saw, but there we breake,

• They see not *Wonders* who can see and speake.



Poëmes.  
To the same.

85

Madam,

**A**s those that tast *halfe-sweetes* and joyes begun  
From those *short Twylights* thrust a *full grown Sun*  
As our *Pretences* to a store  
Onely create an *itch* of more,  
And we have *lesse*,  
By that *increase*.

So when I heare some *croffe* designe  
Durst interrupt your *sacred line*,  
Which destin'd was to let us see,  
Your papers rich as your *Embroidery*,  
And that your *Needle* then  
Had vanquisht beene by th'*Pen*.  
We sigh to loose a blisse so nigh,  
*Halfe Joyes the Emblems are of misery*.  
Though then imperfects that designe,  
And our *Gold* yet ly hid i'th *Mine*,  
We dare not say we misse,  
Be your *Intents* our *Blisse*:  
*Remembrances* from you shall stand,  
'Bove *Volumes* wrote by any other hand,

To the same.

Madam,

**T**IS an injustice *Cambridge* will not owne:  
 You needs must be admir'd, or but halfe known.  
 Your presence may command respect and price,  
 Else *Jewels* doe want lustre, or *men Eyes*.  
 The *Shire* was then turnd all into the *Fennes*,  
*Schollers* to *Tygers*, *Colledges* to *Dennes*:  
 Else *Antique Manuscripts* had beene laid by,  
 And *Reverend Monisters* which in *Parchment* ly,  
 Nor each inquisitive braine-impar'd the growih,  
 Of gray decayes wrought by some *Gransire* moath:  
 You had beene all the object, who gaze int  
 Confesse they never read a fairer print.

Next since you slender *Piles* to *Columnes* raise,  
 And honour truth with the faire name of praises  
 Let me assure you, Madam, all our might,  
 Is but a weake attempt to doe you right.  
 Tis but a faint Reflexion, nor may passe  
 But as your *Beauty* is shovne lesse by th'*Glasses*.  
 They that arraigne a chaste and virtuous name,  
 And sit upon the *Life* and *Death* of *Fame*.  
*Sesshons* of beauties will admire you ore,  
 And *Furies* of *twelve Ladies* praise you more.

Then

Then for your *Votes*, should mine be like his state,  
 Who *dreams* of *Misers* and was *Bishop* straight.  
 In all that honour'd pompe still you should see  
*Lownes* sleeves submit to your *chast* *Tiffany*.  
 But if some sullen *Starre* confine this Trunke,  
 To *Colledge Hermite*, or a *closter'd Munk*,  
 Still shall my zeale retir'd presume to paint,  
 You as its wonder now, so then its *Saint*.

---

*To the same.*

*Madam,*

**R**Ecover'd by your pow'rfull *prayers* I send  
 Some short reflexions of the *health* you lends  
 A great *Assemblies* *Vote* wove in one cloud,  
 Had beene of weaker force, although more loud,  
 Your closet wishes shelter gifts divine,  
 Where ere you pray you make the place a *Shrine*.  
 'Tis not a *Congregation* that can heale,  
 The *Blessing's* not toth' *Number*, but toth' zeale,  
 Your *single* sigh may for a *miriad* ly,  
 One *Saint* like you stands for a *Hierarchy*,  
 Your *Prayer* hath *Balsame* int', and can endure  
 Or to be calld a *Sacrifice* or cure.

Boast I a *double* Title then since you,  
Deigne me your *Servant*, and your *Patient* too.

---

*To the same, being his Valentine.*

*Madam,*

I should not *chide* my paine, nor torments *rue*,  
Had they allow'd my *Pen* addresse to you.

But my distemper now must weare this brand,  
The wound which op'd my *Arme*, still shut my *hand*.  
*Lame* Offerings still *enrage*, where they would *please*,  
Th'are *Adoracion* halfe, and halfe *Disease*.

Then fitter 'twas to let my *Homage* fall,

Then date that service from some *Hospitall*.

Now, though I not converse with *Salves*, nor feele

My old acquaintance with the *Launce* and *steeles*

Though each wound weare the face of safety in't,

And all my *Linnen* is no longer *Lint*.

Yet these are *empty* Triumphs, and all this

Speakes but the Proeme to a fairer blisse.

I weare your name, first worne in my firme mind,

Here *chance* had *Eyes*, and *fortune* was not *blind*.

*Long* safety waites me now, and a health *sure*,

Your name was still my *glory*, now my *Cure*.

To

To the same

Madam,

COULD there be found a man that brings  
*Feathers* to hire, and *hackney wings*,

Could we procure a power that might  
 Transforme a *Journey* to a *flight*.

Then swift as *Eagles* would we fly,

Or *Arrowes* through the empty sky.

And our ambition would be than,

To place those *feathers* in your fan.

But since no *Feathers* we acquire,

Nor *Wings* but those of our desire,

We must still languish here, still stay

To love the *Journey*, hate the *Way*.

Like *Seamen* who at distance court,

With eager smiles the neighbour *Port*;

But if a *Rocke* or *Shelfe* awaite,

They loose the *Land* to shun the *Fate*.

Thus some a *Martyrs* wreath desire,

But leave the *Crowne* to scape the *fire*;

This is our case, we see our *blisse*,

But dare not print the *Precipice*.

For horse and man sticke fast and stay

Like fierce *Saint Georges* of the way.

Rooted

Rooted like Statues there they stand,  
 Like Trophies of some Carver's hand.  
 Hang forth a Bush, and one may sweare  
 They are but the *signe* o' th' Traveller.  
 He spurres still, but his horse moves downe  
 No more then that stamp't ith' Halfe-Crowne.

---

On the Author of Love  
 Melancholy.

Second Edition.

Love who till now was *Loosenesse* and hot flame,  
 Is here made *Warmth*, and joyes he is grown *Tame*.  
 The *Wanton's* sober here: this Artift brings,  
 The Boy as comely still, but clips his wings.  
 Looke on his *Blushes*, his cheekes modest fires,  
 There's the same *Rose*, onely 't hath lost the *Briers*,  
 He still his *Ivory Bow*, still keeps his *Dart*,  
 Shootes here too, but with *Judgement* and more *Art*:  
 He is not here call'd *Lust* or *Amorous Staines*,  
 As if the *God* ith' *Shrine*, were *Sinne* ith' *Veines*.  
 Nor yet a *perfect birth*, he must not shine  
 Blind in his Mothers Armes, yet see in thine.  
 Thus th' Author judge 'twixt us and *Cupid*, He  
 Nor takes from *Man*, nor flatters *Deity*.

But

But like an *Equall* flame, doth light impart  
 To shew the *Beauty*, yet not hide the *Wart*,  
 For had hee made love good, and our desire  
 Without our *Reason*, and *wills* aw entire.  
 Then *Virtue* had beene *Nature*, and we bin  
 Good without *praise*, 'cause without *power* to *Sin*.  
*Lucrece* had lost the merit of her care,  
 Were she as easily *chast*, as she was *faire*.  
*Ice* had beene rank'd with *Virtue*, and one *Rose*  
 Had chronicled *chast Virgins*, and cold *Snow*.  
 Romanes that story *Virgins* free from sin  
 Had searcht their *Gardens* and put *Lillies* in.  
*Roses* had then heard *Modest*, and one line  
 Made *Vesta's blushes*, and her *Rubies* joine.  
 And the dejected *Goddess* weepe to see,  
 Her *Chrystals* pure, and innocent as she.

No such *Possion* then, for here our love  
 May be or that oth' *Sparrow*, or *chast Dove*.  
 The flames here drawne nor good nor bad, but are  
 Apt or to shine a *Comet*, or a *Starre*.  
 They are *themselves indifferent*, and may  
 Rise to a *Raging Blaze*, or *Temp'rate Ray*.  
 The *Picture* doubtfull like the *Face* may prove  
 In thy Breast either *Devill*, or *God* of love.

No *Galen* here that may confine the soule  
 To th' *Temper*, and call' *Vice* when the *Bodies soule*,

Potions

*Potions* might so make *honest men*, and aw  
 Our crimes like *Scarres*, and *Plaisters* stand for law.  
*Fievers* and *lust* were one, and both would heale,  
 By *Fulps*, and men take *Pils* not to *steale*.

The judgement's subtler here, and hath allow'd  
 The parcht Moone chaste light wrapt in that black cloud  
 Here *Scythians* breasts of hot desires have sence,  
 Nor with their *Furres* still put on *Innocence*.  
 Yet he still grants these flames may sooner grow,  
 In *Southerne Sulphure* then in *Northerne Snow*,  
 And that *Chaste thoughts* in *Italy* are rare,  
 And that each *Turtle* proves a *Phanix* there:  
 He envies no mans *virtue*, as none's *Sin*,  
 Yet knowes that some an *Easier Conquest* win:  
 All may be chaste for him, yet 'tis well knowne,  
 Our *Jewell* is some *Climates Common stone*.

Thus the wise Author makes his judgement sure,  
 Allowes all *Rich*, but those that will be *Poore*.

To



To my Lord B. of S. he  
being at Yorke.

My Lord,

**V**Yhen you were last at London 'twas our feare,  
Lest the same *Rout* which threatned *Majesty*,  
Might strike at you: 'tis but the same Career  
To aime at *Crownes*, and at the *Miser* fly.

For still the *Scepter* and the *Crosier* *Staffe*  
Together fall, 'cause they're together *safe*.

Yet while the sence of Tumults deepest grow,  
And presse in us, no doubts in you arise;  
There still dwelt *calme* and *quiet* in your *Brow*,  
As our *Distractions* were your *Exercise*:  
And taught us, all *assaults*, all *ills* to beare,  
Is not to fly from Danger, but from Feare.

That *Courage* waites you still, some meere lyrode  
From Tumults and the Peoples franticke Rage,  
Counting their *safety* by their *farre* abode,  
And so grew *safer* still at the next stages  
But 'tis not space that shelters you, the rest  
Secure themselves by *Miles*, you by your *Breast*.

And

And now, my Lord, since you have *London* left,  
 Where Merchants wives *dine* cheape, and as cheape *sup*,  
 Where Fooles themselves have of their Plate bereft,  
 And sigh and drinke in the *course* Pewter cuppes

Where's not a Silver *Spoone* left, nor that given than  
 When the first *Cockney* was made *Christian*;

No not a *Bodkin*, *Pincase*, all they send  
 Or carry all, what ever they can happe-on,  
 Ev'n to the pretty *Pick Tooth*, whose each end  
 Oft purg'd the Relickes of *continuell* Capon.

Nothing must stay behind, nothing must tarry,  
 No not the *Ring* by which deare *Joane* tooke *Harry*.

But now no *City-Villaine*, though he were  
 Free of a *Trade* and *Treason*, dares intrude,  
 No sawcy Prentises assault you there,  
 Engag'd by their *Indentures* to be rude:  
 Whom for the *two* first yeares their Masters use,  
 Onely to cry downe *Bishops*, and cleane *Shooe*.

There as in silent Orbes you may ride on,  
 And as in *Charles* his *Waine* move without jarres,  
 Your *Coach* will seeme your *Constellation*,  
 Not drawne about by *Horses*, but by *starres*:

Till

Till seated neere the *Northerne pole*, we thence  
Judge your *seate spheare*, you its *Intelligence*.

---

To my Lord B. of S. on New-  
yeares Day, 1643.

**T**Hough with the course and motion of the yeare,  
Not onely *Starres* and *Sun*  
Move where they first begun;  
But *Things* and *Actions* doe  
Keepe the same *Circle* too,  
Return'd to the same point in the same *Spheare*.

*Greifes* and their *Causes* still are where they stood,  
Tis the same *Cloud* and *Night*,  
Shuts up our *Joyes* and *light*:  
*Warres* as remote from *peace*,  
And *Bondage* from *Release*,  
As when the *Sun* his last yeares *Circuite* rode,

Though *Sword* and *Slaughter* are not parted hence,  
But we like *yeares* and *times*,  
Meet in *unequall* chimes,  
Now a *Cloud* and then a *Sun*,  
*Undoe* and are *undone*,  
Let loose and stop by th' *Orbes* *Intelligence*.

Though

Though *Comblates* have so thicke and frequent flood,  
 That we at length may raise,  
 A *Calendar* of dayes,  
 And stile them foule or faire,  
 By their *successse* not *Aire*:  
 And signe our Festivalls by *Rebels' bloud*.

Though the sad yeares are cloth'd in such a dresse,  
 That *times* to *times* give place,  
 And seasons shift their face,  
 Not by our *Cold* or *Heate*,  
 But Conquest or Defeate:  
 And losse makes *Winter*, *Summer*, *Happinesse*;

Nay though a greater Ruine yet awaite;  
 Such as the *Active* curse, The  
 Sent to make *worst* times *worse*, new  
 Deaths *keene* and *secret* darr, Disease,  
 The Shame of *Heards* and art,  
 Which proves at once our *Wonder* and our *Fate*.

Though these conspire to fully our request,  
 And labour to destroy,  
 And kill your *New yeares* joy.  
 Yet still your wonted art  
 Will keepe our wish in *heart*,  
 Proportion'd not toth' times but to your breast.

Thus

Thus in the Storme you *Calme* and *Silence* find,  
Nor *Sword* nor *Sickenesse* can approach your mind.

---

*To Mistris D. C.*

SINCE *Crownes* or *Laurels* ever be,  
S<sup>E</sup>ignes of *Wis* or *Majesty*.  
And onely custome makes this hold  
To be of *Bayes* and that of *Gold*.  
Else *Linnen* might have had the fate,  
Since 'tis more *soft*, to shew more *state*.  
For *Persian Kings* have no more blisse  
Ith' *Diadem*, then *Cydaris*,  
And the same awe it carries in'r,  
Though this speake *Sempstress* that the *Mint*;  
You wonder now where I would tend,  
And where these *Crownes* and *Scepters* end.  
Know I can nought but *Glories* breath,  
Girt in this state your *Curious Wreath*.

But as the *Wreath Kings* Temples bound,  
So was the *Oxe* for the *Altar* crown'd.  
Though then in state your Present make me rise,  
The *Prince* you crowne is still your *Sacrifice*.

To L: C: H: P.

*Being at his Quarters on his Birth-day.*

**W**Hat Number in thy *Teares* this *Day* may weare,  
Be't the fond *Nurses* or the *Midwives* care:

Thy *Date* enlarges, and thy *Age* succeeds,

Not by Account in *Calenders*, but *deeds*,

Thou that in *Conquests* didst thy *Non-age* bathe,

And like *Alcides* combate in thy *Swathe*:

Whose early yeares have in pitcht *Fields* beene spent,

Who from the *Cradle* marcht into the *Tent*,

He that had seene thy *Keinton*-courage, when

Slaughter had prest the groaning feild with men.

He that had seene thy *Arme* bedew thy side,

And thee *undaunted* gaze ith *Crimson Tide*:

Thy *Sword* cut short, and still thou nothing feele,

As if thy *Flesh* had like thy *Sword* beene *Steele*.

Thy wrist surprizd afresh, and yet no bore,

As if the *Bullets* durst not hurt thee more.

When after these thy *Heate* could not endure

To be intreated to depart secure,

He that had seene all this, must needs confesse,

Death cannot fright thee coucht in any *Dresse*.

To trace thy valour, and compile all these,

I should dispatch my *Muse* beyond the *Seas*:

Thy

Thy home Adventure's great, nor lesse Designe  
 Was that which leaves thee fan'd beyond the *Rhine*.  
 Thus a *mixt* Fame waites thee, which thou may'st raise,  
 From *Foraigne* Trophies, or *Domeſticke* Bayes:  
 Then cease to count thy *Yeares* by any Day,  
 For thou art *young*, but thy Renowne is *Gray*.

---

## To C. T. S.

**T** Was once the businesse of my Search to see  
 Where I might find *Valour* with *Poëſie*.  
 But wearied out, and having tyr'd my view,  
 I find that mixture onely met in you.

Old *Homer* raunts, as he to th' *Campe* being sent,  
 Took *Pay* in *Agamemnon's* Regiment.  
 He writes so *ſeirce*, that when his Poem's heard,  
 Me thinks the Man had *Priam* by the Beard.  
 And that himſelfe had beene of ſo much force,  
 T' have beene a Gallant Foale oth' *Trojan* Hoſte.  
 But he good Soule was borne ſo long behind,  
 He had not in that Warre Eyes to be *blind*.

Nor was our *Virgil* of the *Valiant* breed,  
 He talkes all *Trumpets*, but preferres his *Reed*,  
 True, Little *Horace* fought, but lik'd the ſport  
 So well, he ſoone exchang'd the *Campe* for th' *Courts*.

Tis thought had, not the Wight got thence the faster,  
He might have beene the Tribunes *Quarter-Master*.

*Ovid* as farre as Sages understand,  
Was ne're so much as one of the *Traine-Band*.  
Not so much *Souldier* as our *City Men*,  
Whom *Wives* and *Candles* bravely heighten, when  
They muster *Hornes*, and what their *Dames* admire,  
March to the Front, then *Winke*, and then give *Fire*.

*Catullus*, and *Tibullus*, and that other,  
Whose Name for want of Rime to't, I must smother,  
Put them together pray, if you can get 'em,  
And if you thinke they meane to fight, eene let 'em.  
But *Lucan* (*Gallant Man*) he stoutly stood,  
Till his Soule floated through a *Streame* of bloud,  
Till all his *Veines* rob'd of their *Crimson* juice,  
Dry'd up, by th' *Avarice* of an open *Gluce*.  
Yet his sad *Fate* trac't out no valiant *Path*,  
His fall was sullied by his *easie* Bath.

Thus you exceed them all, for though you write,  
Like *them*, 'tis onely like *your selfe* you fight.





A SATYR, OCCASIONED BY  
The AUTHOR'S Survey of a Scandalous  
Pamphlet Intituled, *The Kings Cabinet Opened.*

**W**hen *Lanes* and *Princes* are despis'd, & cheape,  
When *High-pitcht Mischiefs* all are in the heap;  
*Returns* must still be had; *Gulls* must strive more  
Though not to 'Ennoble, yet to *Enlarge her store.*  
*Poore cheape Designs!* the *Rebell* now must flie  
To *Packet Warre*, to *Paper-Treacherie.*  
The *Basilisks* are turn'd to *Closet-Spies,*  
And to their *Poiss'nous* adde *Enquising eyes.*  
As *Snakes* and *Serpents* should they cast their stings,  
Still the same *Hate*, though not same *Poison* flings  
And their *Faine teeth* to the same point addresse,  
With the like *Rancor*, though unlike *Succeffe:*  
So those that into undiscerning veins,  
Have throwne their *Venome-deepe*, and their dark stains,  
By *fraile Advantages*, still find it good,  
To keepe th' *Infection high* in' Peoples *Bloud.*  
“ For *Active Treason* must be *doing still:*  
“ Lest she *Unlearne* her *Art of doing ill.*  
Who now have waded through all *Publicke aw,*  
Will breake through *Secress*, and prophane their *Law.*

Know you that would their *Art* and *Statute* see,  
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Decree*.

When *Angels* talke, all their *concepts* are brought  
From *Minde* to *Minde*, and they discourse by *Thought*,  
A *Close Idea* moves and *Silence* flies  
To post the *Message*, and dispatch *Replies*.  
And though *Ten Legions*, in the Round are bent,  
They onely heare, to whom the Talk *was meant*.  
Now, though in *Men* a different Law controules,  
And *Soules* are not *Embassadours* to *Soules*:  
Nature gave Reason power to finde a way,  
Which none but these could venture to betray.

“ Two close safe Paths she did bequeath to men,  
“ In *Presence*, *Whisper*; and at *Distance* *Penne*.  
Publicke *Decrees* and *Thoughts* were else the same,  
Nor were it to *Converse*, but to *Proclaime*,  
Concepts were else *Records*, but by this care  
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Inclosures* are:  
What bold *Intruders* then are who assaile,  
To cut their Prince's *Hedge*, and breake His *Pale*?  
That so *Unmanly* gaze, and dare be seene  
Ev'n then, when He converses with His *Queene*?

Yet, as who breaks the Tall Bank's Rising Side,  
And all the Shore doth levie with the Tyde,  
Doth not confine the Waves to any Bound,  
But the whole Sream may gaine upon the Ground,

So these, *freight* Prospect scorne, and *private* Veiw,

"The Crime is small that doth engage a Few.

These Print their shame, they must compleat their Sin,

Not take some *Waves*, and shut the *Sluce* agen,

But, to the *Rageing* of their *Sea*, they doe

Let in the *Madnesse* of the *People* too.

But, 'cause the Crime must weare a *Maske* and *Vaile*,

And faine the *Serpent* would conceale his *Taste*.

No sooner comes the *Libell* to our veiw,

But see a *stay'd*, *demure*, *grave* *preface* too:

Which seemes to shew they would not thus intrude,

Nor presse so farre but for the *Publicke* good,

But as some *London* *Beggars* use to stand,

In *Grecians* *Coates* with *Papers* in their hand,

Who are (as them in diff'rent parts we meet)

*English* at Home, but *solemne* *Greekes* in' street.

Of whom *unclath'd*, and when the truth is heard,

*Constantinople* onely knowes the *Beard*.

So this *fly* *Masker*, lay its *Tinsel* by,

Is onely *Painted Zeale*, and *Pageantry*.

We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,

How it prophanes God in his *Attribute*.

See the

But for its *Light* it need no *Bushell* call,

Preface.

A *Semestresse* *Thimble* would *Ecclipse* it all.

O! in what meekenesse it pretends to creepe!

How well the *Tyger* personates the *Sheep*!

It not Returnes ill Language to the King,  
 Though the next Lines the *Psalmes* against Him bring,  
 Then it to th' *Businesse* comes, and lets us know,  
 Who reads it either is it's *Freind*, or *Foe*.  
 If *Freind*, the Scandals all must true appeare :  
 If *Foe* (alacke the man is ne're the neere.)  
 Foe no light moves, no *Miracles* like these,  
 Hee'l say they're not the *Kings* too, if he please,  
 And tell us pray, why may'nt your last words stand,  
 You counterfeite His *Seale*, why not His *Hand*?  
 But to admit. We now deduce and bring,  
 What *after notes* clearly imply oth' King.

First, They His Consort from His *Secrets* wrest: See  
 They doe allow the *King*, but not the *Breast*. the first  
 The Sacred Knot must have a Tye and Force, Annotat'  
 To joine their hands, but yet their Thoughts Divorce,  
 And, as the Ivy weds her Consort-Tree,  
 Though joynd and close their chaste Embraces be,  
 Yet in those *Twines* and *Circuits* we can find,  
 No Trafficke, no commerce of mind with mind:  
 So must the sacred Lawes of Marriage pierce,  
 Here she may *Sprout* and *Grow*, but not *Converse*,  
 And like a Plant remov'd by Grafters toyle,  
 She finds, not Nuptials, but a change of Soyle.  
*England* to th' *Queene* Transplanted thus must prove  
 No *Foraigne Kingdome*, but a *Foraigne Grove*,

But,

But, lest this groundlesse seeme, they reasons vex,  
 And tell the World She's of the Weaker sex.  
 In what wilde Braines this madnesse first began!  
 They're wondrous angry, cause the Queene's no Man.  
 Fond Sirs forbear, doe not the world perplex  
*Reason* and *Judgement* are not things of *Sexe*.  
 Soules and their Faculties were never heard,  
 To be confin'd to th' *Doublet*, and the *Beard*.  
 Consult one Age from this, and you shall find  
 A Queene the Glory of your Annals shin'd.  
 But who to farre and distant Objects flies,  
 Must say the Sunne wants *Lustre*, or he *Eyes*.  
 Our *Present* injur'd Queene returns that store,  
 And doth againe, what could be done before:  
 By the *King's* Judgement, shewes Her owne is Right,  
 And still she meets His Ray with her owne Light.

Thus the *Wise King* to *Sheba's* *Queene* was knowne,  
 Who knew *Him* *Wise* by *Wisdom* of her *Qwne*.

But as all <i>Publike</i> knowledge barr'd must be,	See on
So <i>Household</i> <i>Acts</i> must have their <i>Mysterie</i> :	in the
No circumstance can passe, no servant made,	first
But must be wrapt in <i>silence</i> and close <i>shade</i> .	Anno-
One place in Court a Riddle must afford,	tation.
Worthy a secret <i>Sybls</i> darke Record.	

As the *Kings* *acts* must all their limits prove, See the  
 So their *Restraint* and *Reins* must checke his *Love*. 2 An.  
*Esteems*

*Esteemes* of's Consort by their *pitch* must flie,  
 Nor must He Rate His Deere *Queenes* Health too high;  
 He must affect thus *farre*, and then no more;  
 His *Tydes* must be proportion'd to their *shore*;  
 His *Tenderneſſe* their *Weights* and *Ballance* we are,  
 By *Graines* and *Scruples* they confine His Care,  
 But (Savage) know, there can no Ransome be

Poys'd with the Health of such a *Queene* as *Shee*. See  
*She* that at once such *weighty* Acts can doe, the 3. *An.*  
 That can be *Queene* and yet *negotiate* too.

*Send* and be *sent*, and without more demurre,  
 Be both the *Queene*, and Her *Embassadour*,  
 That gives dispatch for Ships, and when she please,  
 Divides the Empire with the *Queene* o' h Seas,  
 Who dares the *Threats* of any danger stand,  
 The *stubborne* *Rocke*, or the *Devouring* Sand.  
 And though the Sea swell like Her *fate*, and *Grave*,  
 Looke at her Consort, and despise the *Wave*.

The *Captive* *Queene* did (thus) the *Tyrant* tell,

I am no *Captive* so my King be well. Q. *Curran*  
 By these, her worth and Rate is faintly knowne, lib. 3.  
 Past stories *blush* when she erects Her *owne*.  
 Search *old gray Annals*, you may finde at length,  
 Some *Queene* in *Vigour*, and her *mid-day* strength;  
 Who in her injured Consorts cause, referres  
 To *Copies* glancing at these Acts of *Hers*,

But if *Infirm* and *Sickly* *Queenes* we scanne,  
 No story patterns Her, None ever can.  
 Shew us a *Queene* fraught with such wide *Affaires*,  
 Here private *Weaknesse*, there a *Kingdom's* cares,  
 Perplext and tortur'd from her Rest and ease,  
 By a *Rebellion* here, there a *Disease*:  
*Advice*, and *Medicines* at one time we view,  
*A Counsell. bord*, *Bord of Physitians* too:  
 Yet her *Capacious Soule* both these defeates,  
 While this *Hand* holds *Instructions*, that *Receipts*.

These are our fam'd *Queenes Crimes*, but yet one more  
 Must be the maine *Ingredient* of the *Store*. Se the 3 *An.*  
 Which seemes to presse so deepe, there's nought so bright,  
 But this may sully all it's *Lustre* quite,  
 'Tis her *Religion's Care*: She Tryes Her *Powr's*  
 To keep that still, do not we so for *Ours*?  
 Why to one *Face* so diff'rent *shapes* have bin?  
 What *Virtue* is in *Vs*, in *Her* is *Sin*.  
 Our *Diff'rent Faiths* did long together grow,  
 And neither suffer'd, neither losse did know:  
 And like a stream, which 'twixt two fields doth flow,  
 Which as it *Moistens*, so *Divides* the *moor*:  
 So did the *Kingdoms Law* throw *Dew* and *growth*,  
 In *weight* and just *proportion* unto both,  
 And like a parting *Current* slide along,  
 To keep them *wide*: that neither neither *Wrong*:

Our

Our Faiths were then but *Two*, but since a sp'rit  
 So many *Mushrome Sects* rais'd in a Night:  
 The *Protestant* (as she could Parties gaine  
 Who unconcern'd were in the *Dregs* and *staine*,)  
 Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring  
 Her faith to *its Defender*, our *Just King*.  
 Who with such *Zeale* hath kept her Rites entire,  
 As well from *Languishing*, as from *strange Fires*  
 That still the Censer favours its true Sent,  
 Without *Accession*, yet no *Perfume spent*.  
 The happy *Martyrs* find their Faith hath stood  
 In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their blood.  
 They joy to see, that He his God adores  
 Not at *High Places*, nor at *Threshing-stoores*.  
 But spite of *Scandals* payes his homage still  
 In the *Just Beauty* of the *Sion-Hill*.

The *Other Sects*, though as in *Common-Feilds*  
 Which *Swine*, and *Horses*, *Mules* and *Oxen* yeilds,  
 Who though at *Distance* feed, *Approaching* clasp, -  
 And disproportion'd shapes together dash.  
 So they, though one *Rebellion* them sustaine,  
 Themselves *Accuse*, and are *Accus'd* againe.  
 Could they comply, then possibly might dwell  
 Some *saint Agreement*, though no *Peace* in *Hell*,  
 Now, these nic: *Tasts* no *Foraigne* aids indure,  
 (Their *Rebell Scots* are *English Rebels* sure.)



No, nor the *Papists*: much it with them sticks,  
 Lest these Mens *Punniards* should be *Heresicks*:  
 Their soules would be *prophan'd*, and cleane *undun*,  
 Should they be slaine by an *Idolatrous Gun*.  
 Goe lay your *Vizar* by, your *Misking stufte*,  
 The Devill is *tyr'd*, and Hell hath *laugh'd* enough:  
 The world deserves the *Cheat*; 'tis quickly knowne  
 They no Faith *hate*, who have *Resolv'd* on None.  
 These may not fight: that is, the King you'd have  
 Tamely forsake his *Crowne*, and be your *Slave*.  
 His Easier Subjects long agoe you gat,  
 All who approv'd your *Baile*, and swallow'd *that*.  
 Indeed, *Discerning* soules the snare forsooke,  
 And through the *Wave* did still descry the *Hookes*.  
 But yet so *close* designs were cast about,  
 Your Race was *balse* runne e're the King set out.  
 Yet you *complaine*, and guilty feares doe *gnaw*,  
 Lest you should *scanted* be for *Space* and *Law*:  
 Conscious, though you your cause did forward meet,  
 Its Guilt and Sin hangs *Plummets* at its feet.

Are not the *Jewes*, *Wallwoones*, the *Turks*, and all  
 Whom from as *Diff'rent Gods* as Lands you call,  
 An Army *strong* to keepe the cause in heart,  
 But that the King must with His Subjects part?  
 Can no Accession so much safety send,  
 But you will *dread* Him still before you end?

Sometimes

Sometimes at Ebbes his God dorh let Him stand;  
 That so the Rescue may declare His hand. See on in  
 But, what (you hope) may make the King's side pause the  
 Is what He writes about the *Penall Lawes*, 4 Annora-  
 Poore, shallow soules! I deeme it one from hence tions  
 To forfeit *Loyalty*, and forfeit *Sercke*.

Shall such as wast their Bloud be quite debarr'd;  
 And kept without the *Pale* from all *Reward*?  
 Shall fame report, shall after Ages tell,  
 So Just a King regards not who doe well?

But you pretend, this was a *State-Decree*,  
 Nor without Pow'r which *made* may cancel'd be:  
 The King *nev'r* sayes it shall: but cannot doubt  
 That when His God hath brought His worke about,  
 And shifted *Jarres* and *Tumults* into *Ease*,  
 And set him 'midst his Councell in High Peace;  
 Their *joint* united suffrage will thinke fit  
 To give *this* Act, or something Great as it.

But see, His *pardon* then to *Ireland* came,  
 (*Wild Rebels*) offers He not you the *same*?  
 He holds still out the *same* fresh cheatefull Ray,  
 You shut your *Windowes* and exclude the Day:  
 Embrace the *shine*, or else expect the stroake.

The *Flint* the *Sun* ne're *melts*, at last is *broake*.  
 But now the *Floud-Gates* ope, and a free fluce,  
 Lets in all sencelesse *Doctrines*, and *wild use*.

And

And by *Comparing* what's said long agoe,  
Finds *Disproportion* in the King's *Acts* now.  
His *past* Resolves it up to *Present* brings,  
His *Vowes* to *Vowes*, and *Things* to combat *Things*.  
A *Different* face throughout, and a *fresh* Scene  
Succeed: and all his *Acts* seeme shifted cleane.  
Weake men! who are depriv'd by *Guilt* or chance,  
Of all the *lights* of common *Circumstance*;  
That have unlearn't that *Actions* shift their *Face*,  
And date their worth from *Persons*, *Time*, and *Place*,  
And *sundry* such, from whose *Neglects* appeare  
*Acts* as *Sinnes* there, which are *Try'd* *Virtues* here.  
For instance then: oft as the King reflects  
His *Oath's* injoyne; His *People* he protects.  
Which *Oathes* extent, and *Circuit* we may veiw  
Spread ore th' *Five* *Execrable* *Memberstoo*.  
Yet (farre as'them concerns) that *Chaine* is broke  
That *Oath* left *Him*, because they left *His* *Yoake*.  
Now of this *Pitch*, and *Size*, doe still appeare,  
All *Asterie* *Scruples* which are started there.

The King *Declared*, He thought you meant no ill.  
Say, would you have the King *Declare* so still?  
Allow but *different* *Circumstance*, and we  
Finde, all your *Scandalls* will his *Glories* be.  
Now, as the *worst* things have *some* things of *stead*,  
And *some* *Toads* treasure *Jewels* in their *Head*.

So doth this *Libels Wombe Girl*, and containe  
 What though it *compasse Round* it cannot *staine*.  
 Lines of so *cleare*, yet so *Majesticke* straines;  
 A most *Transparent*; yet a *close-wave* Veines;  
 Which when we reach its *Sense*, we may descry,  
 We see more by its *Light*, then our *owne Eye*.

So *phæbus* (when the *Clowd* and *Night* is done)

Lends us his *Light* to know he is the *Sunne*.

Yet this *expressive clearenesse* is but *barke*,

An *Out-side* *Sunne* which guards us from the *darke*.

Here, the *Bright* *Language* shuns in *Brighter* *lense*;

*Rich* *Diamonds* sleepe within a *Chrysell* *Fence*.

*Gemmes* of that rate, to *Tully* they'd appeare

Fit purchase for his *Criticke* *Senates Eare*.

And their whole *Shine* in a full *Lustre* tends

To *God*, His *Conscience*, *Consort*, and his *Freinds*.

### THE CLOSE

No *winding* *Characters*, no *secret* *Maze*

Could so *perplex*, but they have found their *wayes*;

They *shred* the *Labyrinth*: and what to doe?

Whe'r tends the *Guide*? what *purchase* in this *Clew*?

Rash *Alexander* forc't King *Gordius Knot*, Q. *Curtius*

And so in hand found he a *Rope* had got.

lib. 3

Elegit.

## Elegie.

## On the Death of Sir Henry Spelman.

**T**Hough *Bookes*, and *Titles* feldome freinds appeare,  
 Yet both embrace and twist their Graces here,  
 That while We guide our Greifes and Teares fall right,  
 Our Sorrow wailes the *Scholar* with the *Knight*,  
 One that had searcht the Kingdome's depth, and saw  
 All since it fledg'd, and while it yet lay Raw.  
 One that had trackt the State, and set all downe  
 That pass'd since the first *Mitre*, and the *Crowne*,  
*Saxon* Decrees, and their first *Laws* he brings,  
 As he had sate in Councell with their Kings.  
 Not one who only skill'd in *Forraigne* Names,  
 Knowes *Tyber's* windings, but is lost in *Thames*.  
 Whose Laboures rove,, who in a wilde pursuite  
 Knowes *Romulus* well, but stands amaz'd at *Brute*.  
 He knew he could not King and Country please,  
 Had he bin only learn'd *beyond the Seas*.  
 He *forraigne* Countries *knew*, but they were *knowne*  
 Not for *themselves*, but to advance his *owne*.  
 As *Merchants* trade ith' *Indies*, not *live* there,  
*Traffique* abroad, but *land* their *Prizes* here.  
 He from whose Art our *owne* Church Rites arise,  
 Could *Roman* paint or *Atticke* Sacrifice;

And with like ease his Penfill had exprest  
 An *Ancient Abbat*, or *Apollo's Preist*,  
 But then he knew his Sweat imparted so  
 Had done *Greece* justice, but let *England* go;  
 And after all his paines had only drest  
 A *Forraigne* Subject in a *Native's* breast.  
 The care was wiser here, he would not come  
 Lavish *abroad*, and be in debt at *home*:  
 His Sweat was for his *Country* most, the cleare  
 Starre gave *all* Light, but most adorn'd *its Sphære*.  
 As *Gemms* at *Distance* seene some *Clouds* t'expell,  
 But cast all *Day* and *Sunshine* in their *Shell*.

But as He trac't the Church, and did untie  
 Each linke, to search her *Geneologie*.  
 So He *Defends* her too, makes his care be  
 Her *preservation*, as *Nativity*.  
 Knowing this might his Zeale in question call,  
 To finde her out, only to let her fall.  
 And better 'tis that offspring never rose.  
 Whose Beauty only doth looke faire, and close  
 But he repaires her falls, she owes more farre  
 To his wise *Pen*, then to the *Rocke*, or *Quar*.

Chuse then the Temple where thy dust shall fall,  
 Content with *one*, that hast preserved all.  
 We thanke thee that our Churches stand, that We  
 In one Rooffe lodge not with our *Deity*.

That

That *Parlars* are not *Temples*, that we spare  
 A Place to sever our *Discourse* from *Prayer*.  
 That not ih' Oxe *Crown'd* and *Cook'd* on one board lyes  
 That 'tis not one to *Carve* and *Sacrifice*,  
 But had this fail'd, had this not seem'd so fine,  
 Had no *Cathedrall Chamber* bin our *Shrine*,  
 Then we had met ih' Woods, and some faire Hill  
 Kept Israëls *Groves*, and her high *Places* still.  
 Birds had beene there, and Beasts, the Priest had then  
 Preach't against the *Sparrowes*, and the *Lustfull Men*.  
*Wolfs* and *Oppressors* mixt, the place had lent  
 Pasture for *Lambs*, and *seates* for th' *Innocent*  
 No such confusion now, now no rash *Arme*  
 Dares seize the *Chappel* to enlarge the *Farmes*.  
 Left his offence his *Issues* *Plague* beget,  
 As th' *poysen'd Spring* infects the *Rivulet*.

We not enquire thy *Death*, nor our time spend  
 To know if *Gout* or *Palsie* wrought thy end:  
 We see thy *Workes*, and thy *Disease* know lesse  
 By the *Physitians Bills*, then by the *Presse*.

Thus tir'd *Arachne* in her *Labours* lyes,  
 Weaves out her *Life* into her *Loom*, and *dyes*.

## Elegie

## On the Death of Sir Beville Grenvile.

**T**O build upon the merit of thy *Death*,  
 And raise thy Fame from thy *expiring Breath*,  
 Were to steale Glories from thy *Life* and tell,

The World, that *Grenvil* only did *dye* well,  
 But all thy *Dayes* were faire, the same Sun rose,  
 The Lustre of thy *Dawning*, and thy *Cloſe*.  
 Thus to her Urne th' *Arabian* Wonder flies,  
 She lives in *Perfumes*, and in *Perfumes* dyes.

E're stormes, and tumults (Names undreaded here)  
 Could in their *Bloome* and *Infancy* appeare,  
 He in the stocke and treasure of his minde  
 Had heapes of *Courage*, and just heate combin'd.  
 Where like the thrifty Ant he kept in store  
 Enough for *Spring*, but for a *Win'ter* more.  
 In Peace he did dire& his thoughts on Warres,  
 And learn't in *ſilence* how to combat *Farres*.  
 And though the *Times* look't *Smooth*, and would allow  
 No tracke of *Frowne* or *Wrinkle* in their *Brows*:  
 Yet his quicke sight perceiv'd the *Age* would low'r,  
 And while the *Day* was faire, fore-saw the *Show'r*.  
 At this the *Prudent Augur* did provide  
 Where to *endure* the *ſtorme*, not where to *hide*.



And sought to shun the Danger now drawne nigh,  
Not by *Concealement* but by *Victory*.

As valiant Seamen if the Vessell knocke  
Rather *style o'reist*, then *avoid* the *Rocke*.

And thus Resolv'd, he saw on either hand,  
The *Causes*, and their bold *Abettors* stand.  
The *Kingdomes Law* is the pretence of each,  
Which these by *Law* preserve, these by its *breach*,  
The *Subjects Liberty* each side mainetaines,  
These say it consists in *freedome*, these in *Chastnes*,  
These love the *decent Church*, but these not passe  
To dresse our *Matron* by the *Geneva Glasse*?  
These still *enshrine* their *God*, but these adore  
Him most at some *Arauna's Threshing flaxe*.  
Each part defends their King a severall way,  
By true *Subjection* these, by *Treasons* they.  
But our *Spectator* soone unmask't the sin,  
And saw all *Serpent* through that *specious skin*,  
And midst their best *Pretext* did still despaire,  
In any dresse to see their *Moore* looke faire.  
And though the *Number* waigh'd ith' *Popular Scale*,  
As light things floate still with the *Tyde* and *Gale*,  
He with the *solid* mixt, and did conclude,  
*Iustice* makes *Parties great*, not *Multitude*,  
And with this constant principle posselt,  
He did alone expose his single breast,

Against an *Armies* force, and bleeding lay,

The great *Restorer* o' th' *Declining Day*.

Thus slaine thy *Valiant Ancestor* did lye,

When his one barke a *Navy* durst defie,

When now encompass'd round, he Victor stood,

And bath'd his *Pinnacle* in his conquering Blood.

Till all his *Purple* current dry'd and spent,

He fell, and left the *Waves* his *Monument*.

Where shall next *famous Greenevils* Ashes stand?

Thy *Grandfire* fills the *Seas* and *Thou* the *Land*.

### Elegie.

On C. W. H. slaine at  
Newarke.

TReasure of *Armes* and *Arts*, in whom were set  
The *Sword* and *Bookes*, the *Campe* and *Colledge* met,  
Yet both so wove, that in that mingled throng  
They both comply, and neither neither wrong.  
But pois'd, and temper'd, each reserv'd its seat;  
Nor did the *Learning* quench, but guide the *Heate*,  
The *Valour* was not of the *furious* straine,  
The hand that strucke, did first consult the braine.  
Hence grev *Commerce* betwixt *Advice* and *Might*,  
The *Scholler* did direct, the *Souldier* fight,

And

And as our Perfumes mixt, doall conspire,  
 And twist their Curles above the hallowed fire,  
 Till in that Harmony of sweets combin'd,  
 We can nor Muske nor single Amber finde,  
 But *Gummes* meet *Gummes*, and their delights so crowd,  
 That they create one undistinguish'd Cloud:  
 So to thy minde these rich ingredients prest,  
 And were the Mould and Fabrick of thy breast.  
*Learning* and *Courage* mixt, and temper'd so,  
 The Streame could nor decay, nor overflow.  
 And in that equall Tide, thou didst not beare  
 From *Courage*, *Rashnesse*, nor from *Learning*, *fear*.  
 This just proportion'd flame more scorcht the Foes,  
 Then theirs that rages, but lesse burnes then glows;  
 This Temper rais'd thee so, that we must call  
*Newarke* the purchase of thy conquering Fall,  
 When *Victors* dye to rescue their Renowne,  
 Some leave a *Tombe*, but thou hast left a *Towne*.

*On the death of Sir John Smith Standard-  
Bearer to His Majesty.*

**A**S Loadstones beckning Steele on either hand,  
 Checke and compell its motion to a stand,  
 That while they both entice, and both dispute,  
 It knowes not where to fixe its first salute,  
 But waves, and renders homage unto both,  
 Would faine joine here, but to leave that is loath;  
 So we, amaz'd, by Rayes and lustre throwne,  
 From Predecessours deeds, and from thine owne,  
 Distract our Wonder, and must doubtfull be,  
 To seate it in thy *Ancestours*, or *Thee*.

First, let our Muse her wandring verse command,  
 To follow him that trac't the Holy-Land:  
 In such a faire pursuite we can engage  
 Our Poem, to attempt a *pilgrimage*:  
 While we like weary Hermits coming there,  
 Shall find no *Wonder* 'bove thy *Ancestour*.  
 The Tragicke Mount, and the Divided shrine,  
 Once fam'd by their owne Glories, now by thine:  
 The Solemne Tombe, though its Remaines were gone,  
 May be a Monument from *Carington*,  
 To whose fam'd courage when their Rites decay,  
 Good Pilgrims *Tributary wonder* pay.

In

In his stout Arme the Conquering Standard stood,  
 Which tooke fresh *Crimson* from the Pagans bloud.  
*Cyprus* subdu'd did now his Trafficke stand,  
 And was the Purchase of the Holy-land.  
 Then was *Jerusalem* entail'd to th' Crowne,  
 As it had beene but some *Adjacent Towne*.  
 That from so quicke a victory, we may  
 Aske in what part of *England Sion* lay.  
 The Royall Banner dreadfull was become  
 By *him* abroad, as now by *Thee* at home  
 And thou in these like Terrours didst beget,  
 That doe erect a nearer *Mahomet*.

“ Two *Pagan Nations* tremble at your workes,

“ The *Turkish Saracens*, and the *English Turkes*.

Next to that *Hero*, we must ranke his Fame,

That was to loose his *Loyalty* or *Names*

That was compell'd, since *here* it could not stand,

To ship his virtue o're to *another Land*.

Who in his *Names disguise* did still appeare,

Till his disguise became his common weare,

Which so deriv'd to thee an equall claime,

Both to his constant *Loyalty & Name*.

Long could our Poem in thy story ly,

And turne the *Chronicle* to *Elegy*.

Till those that nicely in our mourning looke,

Find we weepe onely *Speed*, or th' *Heralds Booke*,

But

But these weake Annals of thy Fame afford,  
Thou wrot'st the *fairest Story* with thy *Sword*.

---

*Elegie.*

*On the death of Sir Horatio Vere.*

*Second Edition.*

O Ur eyes submit, *Teares* like thy *Captives* bow,  
Thy force orecame before, thy *Ruine* now.  
Thus great *Trees* *expiring* crush, and create  
Fame from their fall, and triumphs from their fate.  
The *Courage* was not *Choler* here, the flame  
Not from *Complexion*, but from *Virtue* came:  
Valour's not borne of *Nature*, but the *Will*,  
They onely conquer, that with *Judgement* kill,  
The *fire* subdues the *Aire*, yet its proud rays  
Still without *Trophies* winne, still without *Bayes*.

The *mind*, not the *tough* flesh was his defence,  
He lost the *fear* of Wounds, but not the *Sence*:  
That were t'have been some *Engine*, and one stroake  
Had prov'd him a *burst* *Javelin*, or *sword* brokes  
His *Scarres* had then beene *Crackes*, and every blow  
Had hurt a *Weapon*, *Statues* conquer so,  
No such resistance here, the *Veines* were knowne,  
Noble and cleare as *Saphyrs*, but not *Stone*,

Warres

Warres were not his Refuge; he did not eare  
 By th' Sword, and Wounds, and skirmish for his meate.  
 He could be stout in Peace, and the same Ray  
 Threw lightning in the Feild, in the Court Day.  
 Eagles are Eagles, though no Foe appeare,  
 And perfumes though unchast sweet incense reare;

No Conquest made him swell, an equall brow  
 Sustain'd the Lawrell and the Cypresse bough.  
 The same calme view'd Retreats and Victories:  
 A compos'd sence heard Shouts and Elegies,  
 Weake spirits count their going backe a doome,  
 And if they but retire, are straight ore-come.  
 Those Diamonds cast a faint and drowzy light,  
 Which 'cause they are once sullied, are lesse bright.  
 The current stopt grew greater here, and he  
 Who did retire a Streame, return'd a sea.

No Avarice made the publicke shares more thin.  
 Spoiles were his Purchase onely, ne're his Sin.  
 No Rich foe made him march, no needy Pauze,  
 He fought not 'gainst the booty, but the cause,  
 And having now subdu'd the German pride,  
 He saw no foe could kill him, and so di'd.

Elegie.

## Elegie.

On the Death of Master R. B.  
Student of Ch. Ch.

**C**ouldst thou boast onely yeares, and 'stead of Arts,  
Didst count thy Age, and call *Threescore* good parts.  
Yet we could mourne thee, as plaines sadly broke,  
The Aged ruines of some *Reverend* Oake.  
But Age requir'd least reverence in you,  
And your *white* yeares had *Antient* virtues too.  
Let not thy learned Ghost imagine we  
Receive amends from thy large Legacy.  
No more then if our Droppe should poise our streame,  
And we loose *Sun* that we might take a *Beame*.  
You give us *Bookes*, but not your braines *quicke* light,  
You leave faire *Objects*, but you leave no *sight*:  
O lend these *Beauties* eyes, and since that you  
*Anthours* bequeath, bequeath your *Judgement* too.

Elegie.



Elegie.

On the death of Master H. C.

**W** Ere thy perfections lesse, then might thy stay ?  
 Have seen *Threescore*, & thou hadst gon hence  
 Thy *Ripenesse* was too vigorous to be slow, (gray  
 And being perfect soone, thou could'st not grow.  
 That flame can ne're shine fairer, ne're spread farre,  
 Which is at first *most faire*, at first a *flarre*.  
 Those early Fruits provoke their fall, which bring  
*Ripenesse* ith' *Bud*, and *Autumne* in the *Spring*.  
 The life was here exact then, though soone done,  
 The *Patterne short* indeed, but fairely spun.  
 As subtile Penciles draw in streights, and can  
 Contract their best proportions in a span,  
 And as ith' *Globe* small *Points* are *Hills*, and *Land*,  
 And *slender lines* for largest *Rivers* stand.

Nay though th' whole Frame but a large Ball appeare,  
 Yet Sages know that the *whole world* is there.  
 As Clouds of Incense 'bove the *Altars* come,  
 Yet all those Clouds lay *treasur'd* up ith' *Gumme*.  
 And massy Gold wrackt into Threads and Wire,  
 Gains no more *Weight* then when it kept entire,  
 So was thy life, it might gaine breadth, and rise,  
 And purchase more *Extent*, but not more *prize*.

Good

Good parts in *Youth* and *Manhood* are the same,  
 They're the same Picture in a smaller frame.  
 But as Beames scatter'd with lesse vigour passe,  
 Then when they *twist* their Blazes in a *Glasse*,  
 So virtue gain'd force from this Mirrour, they  
 Went in *dimme Glaunces*, but were sent forth *Day*,  
*Schools* tutor'd Manners, and he us'd Bookes so  
 That they might teach him live, as well know.  
 Twas not the *Language* onely he would see,  
 True *Dawes* are wise, and *Parrats* learn'd as *He*.  
 T'adore the Garbe of speech, had beene t'have itaid,  
 To *lose* the Sun, while he admir'd the shade.  
 His aime was nobler farre, he knew there sprung  
 More worth in *Roman virtue*, then the *Tongue*.  
 Not like some Schollar who his Engine layes,  
 To let passe faire *Example*, and catch *Phrase*.  
 Warre-stories taught his *Mind*, not his *Tongue* force,  
 And softer lent him *Mildnesse*, not *Discourse*.  
 Not proud, though fate did him with Lands endow,  
 More then his *Virgils Teeme*, or *Poems* Plough.  
 Heire to more *Herd*s of *Goates*, more *flockes* of *sheepe*,  
 Then *Tityrus* could, or young *Alexis* keepe.  
 No future *Titles* swell'd him, in his sight  
 The *Worthy Man* seem'd *greater*, then the *Knight*.  
 True honour he to *merits* chain'd, and found  
 Desert the *Title* gives, *Kings* but the *sound*.

And

And now his *Dust* growes pure, as was his mind;  
For good men onely fall to be *Refin'd*.

---

*Epitaph on the same.*

**L** Et nor this Marble bound th' Inquisitive Ey,  
Here sleeps his *Dust*, but not his *memory*.  
*Stones* are but weake Preservers, his fall prest  
More lasting Tombes in the Survivers Breast.  
Our Generall Teares, greifes which no Joyes beguile,  
These are his *Marble*, these his *funerall pile*.

---

*Epitaph on—borne tenne Weekes before  
his Time, died at three Quarters.*

**G** Reiv'd at the *World* and *Crimes*, this early Bloome  
Look'd round, and sigh'd, and stole into his Tombe,  
His fall was like his *Birth*, too quicke, this *Rose*  
Made hast to *spread*, and the same Hast to *close*:  
Here lyes his *Dust*, but his best Tombe's fled hence,  
For *Marble* cannot last like *Innocence*.

Elegie,

## On the death of Master W. Cartwright.

**T**hey that have known thee well, & searcht thy parts,  
 Through all the *chaine* of Arts:  
 Thy Apprehension *quicke* as active light,  
 Cleare judgement, without *Night*:  
 Thy Phansy free, yet never *wilde* or *madde*,  
 With wings to fly, but none to *Gadde*:  
 Thy language still in *Rich*, yet *comely* dresse,  
 Not to *expose* thy mind, but to *expresse*.  
 They that have knowne thee thus, sigh, and confesse,  
 They wish they'd knowne thee still, or knowne thee lesse.  
 To these, the *wealth* and *Beauties* of thy mind,  
 Be other *Virtues* join'd.  
 Thy *modest* soule, strongly *confirm'd* and *hard*,  
 Ne're beckned from its *Guard*.  
 But bravely fixt, midst all the baits of Praise,  
 Deeming that *Musicke* Treacherous layes.  
 These put that *Rate* and *Price* upon thy Breath,  
*Great Charles* enquires thy Health, the Clouds thy death:  
 For Nobler Trophies can no Ashes call,  
*Kings* greet thy safety, *Thunder* speaks thy Fall.



AN ELEGIE ON THE  
MOST REVEREND FA-

ther in God WILLIAM, Lord

Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*,

Attatched the 18. of *December* 1640.

Beheaded the 10. of *January*, 1644.

*Most Reverend Martyr,*

THOU, since thy thicke Afflictions first begun,  
Mak'st *Dioclesian's* dayes all Calme, and Sun,  
And when thy Tragicke Annals are compil'd,  
Old Persecutions shall be *Pity* stil'd,  
The *Snake* and *Faggot* shall be Temp'rate names,  
And *Mercy* weare the Character of *Flames*:  
Men knew not then *Thrift* in the Martyrs breath,  
Nor weav'd their lives into a foure-yeares Death,  
Few ancient *Tyrants* do our stories Taxe,  
That slew first by *Delayes*, then by the *Axe*,

K

But

But these (*Tiberius* like) alone do cry,  
*To be Reconcil'd to let thee Dy.*

Observe we then a while, into what *Maze*,  
*Compasse*, and *Circle* they contrive *Delaies*,  
 What *Turnes* and wilde *perplexities* they chuse,  
 Ere they can forge their *slander*, and *Accuse*:  
 The *Sun* hath now brought his warme *Chariot* backe,  
 And rode his *Progresse* round the *Zodiacke*,  
 When yet no *Crime* appeares, when none can tell,  
 Where thy *guilt* sleepes, nor when 'twill breake the shell,  
 Why is His *shame* deferr'd? what is't that bring's  
 Your *Justice* backe, spoiles *Vengeance* of her Wings?  
 Hath *mercy* seiz'd you? will you rage no more?  
 Are *Winds* growne *tame*? have *seas* forgot to *roare*?  
 No, a wilde fierceneffe hath your minds posselt,  
 Which *time* and *sins* must *cherish* and *digest*:  
 You durst not now let His cleare Blood be spilt,  
 You were not yet growne up to such a guilt,  
 You try if *Age* if *seventy yeares* can Kill;  
 Then y'have your *Ends*, and you are *Harmelesse* still.  
 But when this fail'd, you do your *Paths* enlarge,  
 But would not yet *whole* Innocence discharge;  
 You'l not be *Devill All*, you faine would prove  
 Good at faire *Distance*, within some *Remove*,

“Virtue hath sweets which are good Mens due gaine,

“Which Vice would not Deserve, yet would Retaine:

This

This was the Cause, why once it was your Care,  
 That *Stormes* and *Tempests* in your *sin* might share,  
 You did engage the *Waves*, and strongly stood  
 To make the *Water* guilty of his *Blood*.  
 Boats are dispatcht in haste, and 'tis his doome,  
 Not to his charge, but to his *shipwacke* come;  
*Fond men*, your cruell Project cannot doe,  
*Tempests* and *stormes* must learne to kill from you,  
 When this came short; He must *Walke Pilgrimage*,  
 No *Coach* nor *mule*, that may susteine his Age;  
 Must trace the *City* (now a *Desert rude*)  
 And combat salvage *Beasts* the *multitude*.  
 But when his *Guardian Innocence* can fling  
 Awe round about, and save him by that *Ring*.  
 When the *Iust cause* can fright the *Beast* away,  
 And make the *Tyger* tremble at her prey.  
 When neither *Waves* dare seize him nor the *Rout*,  
 The storme *with* Reason, nor the storme *without* :  
 Lost in these streights when *Plots* have Vanquish't bin,  
 And *sin* perplex hath no *Releife*, but *sin*.  
*Agents* and *Instruments* now on you fall,  
 You must be *Judges*, *People*, *Waves* and *All*,  
 Yet 'cause the *Rout* will have't perform'd by you,  
 And long to see *done* what they dare not *Doe*.  
 You put the *Crime* to use, it swells your *Heape*,  
 Your *sin*'s your *Wealth*, nor are you *Guiltly* *cheape*,

You *Husband* All; there's no *Appearance* lost,  
 Nor comes he once to th'*Barre* but at their *cost*;  
 A *constant Rate* well *Taxt*, and *Levied* right,  
 And a *Just value* set upon each *sight*.  
 At last they finde the *Dayes* by their owne *purse*,  
 Less knowne from *him* then what they do *disburse*.  
 But when it now strikes high for him t'*appeare*,  
 And *Chapmen* see the *Bargaine* is growne *deare*;  
 They *Muster hands*, and their hot suits enlarge,  
 Not to persue the *Man*, but save the *Charge*.  
 Then lest you loose their *Custom*, (a just feare)  
 Selling your *sinnes* and others *Blood* too *deare*.  
 You grant their suits, the *Manner*, and the *Time*.  
 And he must Dye for what no *Law* calls *crime*.  
 Th' *Afflicted Martyrs*, when their paines began,  
 Their *Trajan* had, or *Dioclesian*.  
 Their *Tortures* weare some *Colour* and proceed,  
 Though from no *guilt*. yet 'cause they *disagree*;  
 What *League*, what *Freinds*hip there? They could not joyne,  
 And fix the *Arke* and *Dagon* in one *Shrine*.  
 Faith, combats *Faith*, and how agree can they,  
 That still goe on, but still a severall way?  
 Zeale, *Martyrs Zeale*, and *Heate* 'gainst *Heate* conspires,  
 As *Theban Brothers* fight though in their *fires*.  
 Yet as two different *Starres* unite their *Beames*,  
 And *Rivers* mingle *Waves*, and mix their *Streames*,

And



And though they challenge each a severall Name,  
 Conspire because their *moisture* is the same.  
 So *Parties* knit, though they be *diverse* knowne,  
 The *men* are many, but the *Christians*, one.  
*Trajan*, no *Trajan* was to his owne *Heard*,  
 And *Tygers* are not by the *Tygers* fear'd.  
 What strange excessse then? what's that *menstrous power*,  
 When *flame*: do *flames*, and *streams* do *streams* devoure?  
 Where the *same faith*, 'gainst the *same faith* doth knock,  
 And *sheep* are *wolves* to *sheepe* of the same *flocke*?  
 Where *protestant* the *Protestant* defies,  
 Where *both Assent*, yet one for *Dissent* dyes?  
 Let those that doubt this, through his *Actions* *Wade*,  
 Where some must needs *Convince*, All may *perswade*.

Was he *Apostate*, who your *Champion* stood,  
 Bath'd in his *Inke* before, as now in *Blood*?  
 He that unwindes the *subtile Jesuite*,  
 That *Feeles* the *Serpents Teeth*, and is not *bit*?  
 Vnties the *Snake*, findes each *Mysterious knot*,  
 And turnes the *Poyson* into *Antidot*.  
 Doth *Nicety* with *Nicety* undoe?  
 And makes the *Labyrinth* the *Labyrinth's clew*?  
 That *sleight* by *sleight* subdues, and clearely proves,  
 Truth hath her *Serpents* too, as well as *Doves*?  
 Now, you that blast his *Innocence*, Survey,  
 And veiw the *Triumphs* of this *Glorious day*;

Could you (if that might be) if you should come  
 To seale God's cause with your owne *Martyrdoms*;  
 Could all the Blood whose tydes move in your veines,  
 (Which then perhaps were *Blood*, but now is itaines,)  
 Yeeld it that *Force* and *strength*, which it hath took  
 (Should we except his *Bloud*) from *this* his *Booke*,  
 Your *Flame* or *Axe* would lesse evince to Men,  
 Your *blocke* and *stake* would prop lesse then his *Pen*;

Is he *Apostate*, whom the *Baites* of *Rome*  
 Cannot seduce, though all her *Glories* come?  
 Whom all her specious *Honours* cannot hold,  
 Who hates the snare although the *Hooke* be *Gold*?  
 Who *prostituted Titles* can despise,  
 And from *despised Titles*, *greater Rise*?  
 Whom *Names* cannot *Amuse*, but seates withall  
 The *Protestant* above the *Cardinall*?  
 Who *sure* to his owne soule, doth scorne to finde  
 A *Crimse cap* the *Purchase* of his *minde*?

“Who is not Great, may blame his Fate's Offence,  
 “Who would not be, is Great in's Conscience,  
 Next these His *Sweat* and *Care* how to advance  
 The *Church* but to Her *Just Inheritance*,  
 How to gaine backe her *OWNE*, yet *none Beguile*,  
 And make her *Wealth* her *purchase*, nor her *spoiles*  
 Then, shape Gods worship to a *joynt consent*;  
 Till when the *seamelesse Coate* must still be *Rent*:

Then

Then, to repaire the *shrines*, as *Breaches* sprung,  
 Which we should *heare*, could we lend *Pauls* a *Tongue*.  
*Speake, speake! great Monument!* while thou yet art *such*,  
 And Reare him 'bove their *Scandalls* and their *Touches*,  
 Had he surviv'd, thou might'st in Time Declare,  
*Vast things* may comely be, and *Greatest Faire*,  
 And though thy *Limbs* spread high, and *Bulk* exceed,  
 Thou'dst prov'd that *Gyants* are no *monstrous breed*:  
 Then 'bove *Extent* thy *Lustre* would prevaile,  
 And 'gainst *Dimension* *Feature* turne the Scales;  
 But now, like *Pyrrab's* halfe adopted *Birth*,  
 Where th'issue part was *Woman*, Part was *Earth*,  
 Where *Female* some, and some to *stone* was Bent,  
 And the *one halfe* was to others *Monument*,  
 Thou must *imperfect* lye, and learne to Groane,  
 Now for his *Ruine*, straight way for *thine owne*:  
 But *this* and *Thousand* such *Abortives* are,  
 By *Bloody Rebels* Ravish't from his care,  
 But yet though some miscarried in the *Wombe*,  
 And *Deeds Still-borne* have hastned to their *Tombe*,  
 God (that Rewards him now) forbad his store,  
 Should all ly hid, and he but give it *h' Ore*,  
 Many are *Stamp't*, and *shap't*, and do still shine,  
 Approv'd at *Mint*, a firme, and *perfect Coyne*.  
 Witnesse that *Mart* of *Bookes* that yonder stands,  
 Bestow'd by him, though by *another's Hands*:

Those *Attick Manuscripts*, so rare a *Peice*,  
 They tell the *Turke*, he hath not Conquer'd *Greece*,  
 Next these, a second *Beauteous Heape* is throwne,  
 Of *Easterne Authors*, which were all his owne.  
 Who in so *Various Languages* appeare,  
*Babel*, could scarce be their *Interpreter*.

To These, we may that *Faire-built Colledge* bring,  
 Which proves that Learning's no such *Rustick things*  
 Whose *structure* well contriv'd doth not relate  
 To *Antick finenesse*, but *strong lasting state*:  
*Beauty* well mixt with *strength*, that it complies  
 Most with the *Gazer's* use, much with his *Eyes*,  
 On *Marble Columns* thus the *Arts* have stood,  
 As wise *Seth's Pillars* sav'd 'em in the *Flood*.  
 But did he leave here *Walls*, and only Owne  
 A glorious *Heape*, and make us rich in *Stone*?  
 Then had our *Chanc'lour* seem'd to faile, and here  
 Much honour due to the *Artificer*:  
 But this Our *Prudent Patron* long fore-saw,  
 When he Refin'd *rude Statutes* into *Law*;  
 Our *Arts* and *Manners* to his *Building* falls,  
 And he erects the *Men*, as well as *Walls*:  
 " Thus *Solons Lawes* his *Athens* did Renowne,  
 " And turn'd that throng of *Buildings* to a *Towne*.  
 Yet neither *Law* nor *Statute*, can be knowne  
 So *strickt*, as to *Himselfe*, he made his owne,

Which

Which in his Actions *Inventory* lies,  
 Which *Hell* or *Prinne* can never scandalize;  
 Where every Act his rigid eye surveyes,  
 And *Night* is *Barre*, and *Judge* to all his *Dayes*;  
 Where all his secret Thoughts he doth comprize,  
 And every *Dream* is summon'd to an *Affize*;  
 Where he *Arraignes* each *Circumstance* of care,  
 Which never parts dismiss'd without a *Prayer*,  
 See! how he sifts and searches every part,  
 And ransacks all the closets of his heart;  
 He puts the houres upon the *Rack* and *Whee*le,  
 And all his *minutes* must confesse or feele:  
 If they reveale one Act which forth did come,  
 When *Humane frailty* crept into the *Loom*,  
 If one Thread staine, or full, breake or faint,  
 So that the *man* does interrupt the *Saint*,  
 He hunts it to its *Death*, nor quits his feares,  
 Till't be *Embalm'd* in *Prayers*, or drown'd in *Tears*.

The *Sunne* in all his journeys ne're did see  
 One more devout, nor one more strict then He.

Since his *Religion* then's *Unmixt* and *Fine*,  
 And *Workes* doe warrant faith, as o're the *Minet*  
 What can his *crime* be now? Now you must lay  
 The *Kingdome's Lawes* subverted in his way:  
 See! no such crime doth o're his *Conscience* grow,  
 (Without which *Witness* ne're can make it so)

A cleare Transparent *White*, bedecks his mind,  
Where nought but *Innocence* can shelter find,  
Witnesse that *Breath* which did your *staine* and *blot*  
Wipe freely out, (though *Heaven* I feare will *not*)  
Witnesse that *Calme* and *Quiet* in His *Brest*,  
*Prologue* and *Preface* to His *place* of *Rest*;  
When with the *World* He could undaunted part,  
And see in *Death* nor *meagre* *Lookes*, nor *Dart*:  
When to the *Fatall Blocke* His *Gray Age* goes  
With the same *Ease*, as when he tooke *Repose*.

“ He like old *Enoch* to His *Blisse* is gone,

“ 'Tis not His *Death*, but His *Translation*.

---

*Elegie.*

## Elegie:

On the death of *Mistris* Chaworth.

**W**Hen thy Disease seem'd vanquish'd and blown o're,  
Fresh Tempests seiz'd thee in the sight of *shore*;

And while our Treasure neare the *Haven* stood,

It was surprized by a *Sea of bloud*.

The Vessell thus, though freed from th' boistrous gale,

May sinke ith' streame, which gave it pow'r to saile.

Now in thy *Shipwracke* w' are depriv'd of all,

But thy *faire story* and thy *lingring fall*.

Then having suffer'd more then we could feare,

Like men growne *Poore*, count we how *Rich* we were.

Thy *Shape* was such, it Natures care did aske,

When she resolv'd to put her *Art* to taske;

With *Rule*, and *Line* in hand, she did beget

Thy frame, the *curious wonder* of her sweat.

When she, if one rude *Atome* durst creepe in,

*Unravell'd* all, and weav'd thee o're agen:

Till every Limbe she nicely did digest,

Proportion'd in it selfe, then to the rest.

That *parts* with *parts* compar'd, they might confesse,

The *first* peice knew no want, nor no excesse.

Twas not a frame compos'd to shift, and lurke,

Ith' *Crowd* and *Huddle* of her common worke,

A thing allow'd upon her *carelesse* score,  
 Something to *pasſe* for *Woman*, and no more.  
 Nor yet a fading *Peice* of *ſeven-yeares Red*,  
 And then the *Rose* muſt be *retir'd* and *dead*.  
 Such *empty wares* are *Natures* ſport, and ſcoffe,  
 To *catch our eyes*, and to be ſoone *ſold off*.  
*Natures Sale-Beauties*, which ſhe oft ſets forth,  
 More for her *Trade* and *Cuſtome*, then *their worth*,  
 But this ſo ſubly wrought, that it might ſuite  
 Leſſe with the *Makers Game* then her *Repute*.  
 A *ſtanding peice* to *fame*, where every part,  
 Was caſt by *Precept* and *ſevereſt Art*.  
 Nor that a *Lippe*, or an *Eyes* ſparkes abound,  
 But *one juſt feature* might embrace it round.  
     In all his *Statues Phidias* carv'd ſome grace,  
     But in *Minerva's* every part was face,  
 But outward *Luſtre* leaves us yet ith' darke,  
 We paſſe by *Sappe*, while we adore the *Barke*.  
 For having knowne thy ſoule, w' have judged ſince,  
 The *Court* was *Rich*, but *meaner* then the *Prince*.  
 Witneſſe thy *Judgements* cleare diſcerning ſight,  
 Nor did thy *Sexe* draw *Curtaines* 'twixt the *Light*,  
 But all, as through deepe *Maſculine* ſearch did paſſe,  
 And to be *Woman*, did not dimme the *Glaſſe*.  
     Eagles with Eagles thus to th' *Sun* doe fly,  
 ¶ Yet none knowes *Male* from *Female*, by their *Ey*.

Next,



Next, thy *chast love* to be exprest alone  
By thy deare *husband*, and by him in's *Groane*,  
A losse so wail'd he onely may comprize,  
Who drew the *Vaile* before the *mourners eyes*.

But beyond all, that which doth chiefly prove  
Thy *Glo:ry* here, and is thy *Crowne* above,  
Was thy devouteſt zeale, which did prepare,  
Perfumed Clouds to waſt thee to thy Pray'r.  
That *conſtant* heate did ſo alone controule,  
It buſied all the motions of thy ſoule;  
No thought could travaile *Undisclaim'd*, and ev'n,  
Unleſſe diſpatcht *Embaſſadour to heaven*.  
Eyes fixt above, but yet no glave might part,  
But for its *guide* and *convoy* tooke the *Heart*.  
Exalted hands ſtill waving, and poſſeſſ'r,  
To take *downe* bleſſings, or *lift* up Requeſts;  
And knees ſo frequent with the Pavement meet,  
Thou hadſt almoſt unlearn't the uſe of feet.  
And like the pious Man with zeale oft try'd,  
Thy tender *ſkin* had *kneel'd* it ſelfe to *hide*.

Now, as Heaven's *ſtreights* were to thy ſelfe un-barr'd,  
So couldſt thou ſteere our *voyage* by thy *Card*,  
And midſt all Tempeſts, knowing where to land,  
Couldſt teach us how to ſhun the *Rockes* and *Sand*.  
Hence thy *diſcerning* Husband ſtill doth ſay,  
He wants his *Pilot*, though he knowes his *way*.

When

When thou dost limme her then, *Apelles*, paint  
*Best Woman, Wife, and the Devontest Sains.*

---

*Epitaph.*

*On Mistris R.*

**H**Urt by her Husband's *Sword*, but not his *Will*,  
 Undone by that which did defend her still.  
 Unhappy fate this envious way had found  
 To take the *Steele* from *him*, from chance the *Wound*,  
 Death had designs on *both*; *Her* hence she beares  
 In *streames* of *bloud*, and *him* in *Streames* of *Teares*,  
 And those designs succeed in this sad troth,  
 Though one *survive*, yet she hath *slaine* 'em *both*.

---

*Divine*

## Divine Poems.

Caroll, Sung to His Majesty on  
Christmas Day, 1644.

**H** Arke! harke! the Spheares inticeing notes,  
The Orbes are strung againe.  
Intelligences tune the skie;  
And make their Journey Harmonic.

The Cherubims exalt their throats,

And all their Musicke straine:

The Angels cluster,

Their Voices muster:

And in their Severall Orders crowd,

Amaz'd to see

The Deitie

Disguis'd and mask'd in a fraile shroud,

The Sea into a droppe is throwne,

And channell'd in a Span.

Eternity is par'd away.

Confin'd and thrust into a Day:

To Infinite a Shore is knowne,

It limits hath in Man,

He that first brings

Time to his Sithe and Wings:

Subscribed

*subscribes to both, and hath made haste*

*To shift him cleane,*

*And change the scene,*

*To know Begun, to Come, and Past;*

*No fond Imaginary Birth,*

*No sly Phantasticke show,*

*No Aery shape, no empty Beames,*

*Like Marcion's franticke Dreames.*

*A serious Issue visits earth,*

*Where Veines and sinewes grow,*

*True flesh is bred,*

*Nerves, bones, oth' same thread;*

*A Reall peice, that we may see,*

*Since all Parts come,*

*From the same loome,*

*Salvation is not Pageantry.*

*See! him a Giddy Rout hath found,*

*And by his Cradle past,*

*The Oxe and Ass his family:*

*His Traine, and his Retinue be:*

*And this descri'd, they now have bound*

*Him to his Manger fast:*

*They fixe and chaine*

*Him to his Inne againe.*

*His Altars smoke, his Temples ly,  
They trimme and presse  
In the same Dresse,  
His Worship and Nativity.*

*Assist, assist his Rescue then,  
Gainst sacrilegious men,  
And may those dayes which have in Clouds beene spent,  
Cleare up, and boast both his and your ascent.*

---

*Caroll, Sung to His Majesty on Christmas day, 1645.*

**G***reat Copie of this Solemne Day,  
Which you transcribe afresh,  
And make afflictions your array,  
As God made his of flesh.*

*God humbled best by afflicted Kings is shovne,  
Because their height is nearest to his owne,  
Though in his Traine the Oxe appeare,  
And to his Court intrude,  
It was no breach of Reverence there,  
“What’s Nature is not Rude,  
This Act the Oxe with Innocence befell.  
“They cannot sinne, who know not to doe well.*

*But some into your Pallace gat,  
And rear’d a threatning head,*

*L*

*Some,*

*Some, whom your Pastures have made fat,  
And your owne Cribbe hath fed.  
The wanton Beasts which to this temper rise,  
Are ripe and fit to fall a Sacrifice.*

*The Beasts which to his cradle came,  
There at his manger stood,  
Not to build triumphs on his shame,  
But to receive their food.*

*But here the Herd now surfeited doth stand,  
And being full, learns to despise the hand.*

*But as the Treasure in the Mine,  
Is treasure still though trodde,  
So in this Cloud our Sun you shine,  
" And God in flesh was God,*

*For God and Kings are still beyond us plac't,  
And highest still though ne're so low debas't.*

**Caroll. Sung to His Majesty on New-yeares  
day, being the Circumcision. 1643.**

**M***Oses chaire had long obtain'd,  
And his Rites were now growne old,  
Yet those Lawes that Reverence gain'd,  
Onely did Poore Mortals hold:*

*But Judea now may see  
A circumcised Deitie.*

*The tender God at eight dayes space,  
Was ripened to endure our strife,  
And did the Bloudy preist embrace,  
Invaded by his cruell Knife,*

*No wonder then your Throne disquiet stood,  
“ The King of Kings began his Reign in blood.*

*But as liquid fountaines straine,  
Their slippery Juice through narrow streights,  
Yet if they larger Channels gaine,  
The Streame encreases with the Gates.*

*So was this danger to a greater losse,  
The Dew Drops here, were Deluge on the Crosse.*

*Though he ith’ Crimfon Bath did stand  
A gentle Calme his mind possesse,  
No Tragicke Circumciser hand  
Disturb’d the Silence of his Breast.*

*So may your Quiet with your Yeares encrease,  
“ The Bleeding Prince was still the Prince of Peace*

*Then as Yeares doe Yeares succeed,  
And Dayes to other Dayes give place,  
So may blessings blessings breed;  
And as they passe new Joyes embrace;*

*Flourish your Yeares and Crowne, till chang’d you see  
Your Crowne for Glory, Yeares for Eternity.*

Caroll, Sung to His Majesty on Twelfeday,  
being the Epiphany. 1644.

*First Magus.*

**W**Hat bright and unaccustomed shine;  
Hath seiz'd our wonder and our eyes,

No Sage can shew, no Art divine,

This Startes acquaintance with the Skies.

“ The Earth is blest with great and rich Events,

“ When Heaven proclaimes, & Stars are Instruments,

*Second Magus.*

The throng of lesser Lights submit,

And with the Night their Reigne is done,

But this doth in his Chariot sit,

And uncontroul'd doth face the Sun,

“ And fit it is God by that Starre be knowne,

“ Which knowes no Light nor Lustre 'bove its owne.

*Third Magus.*

See! see! the Starre with's beamy eye,

Doth winke and becken us away,

And while his Active glories fly,

He bids us travaile by his Ray.

“ Then follow we, and journey by his side,

“ They cannot erre whom Heaven & Stars do guide,

*First*



*First Magus.*

The blaze is fixt, and all his streames  
Of moving Lustre settled be,  
He waves his Tributary beames,  
Ore one more bright, more Starre then He.

“ Thus Phosphorus doth early dawne forerun,

“ And payes his Shine, his homage to the Sun.

*Second Magus.*

Behold a greater King then we,  
From whose Devotion comes  
A sweeter Cloud then rais'd can be,  
From all our Spice and Gummes.

We yeild (Great Sir) you have out-stript our care.

“ The fragrant East hath no Perfume like Prayer.

Caroll, Sung to His Majesty on Twelfe-day,  
being the Epiphany, 1645.

**F**rom Arabia's fragrant wombe,  
Where the Phœnix built her Tombe,  
When imbalm'd in Spice she lies,  
And is both Preist and Sacrifice:  
The learned Magi journey one to see,  
More Phœnix, and more wonder farre then she.  
With greedy Eyes the Starre is view'd,  
Not for effects or altitude,

When

*When for such Aimes our sight's allowed,  
We see a Starre, but graspe a Cloud.*

*" Astrono.ny, and her Adorers blest,*

*" VVhen one Starre guides to him that made the rest.*

*Through Woods and Denes their way they tooke;*

*" Zeale can danger quite ore-look.*

*And to like progresse are you bound,*

*Cause you'd not part with what they found.*

*Onely this difference from your Journey springs,*

*You meet with many Herods, but no Kings.*

*As both Flowers and Thornes may tend,*

*And guide to the same journey's end.*

*So your returne stands as it stood,*

*Most firme and sure, though't be through blood.*

*" The wise Kings whom the Tyrant forc't to stray,*

*" Came home at last, although another way.*

*After his Recovery from a feavour.*

**N**ot the parcht Æthiop, nor they  
Under th'Eclipricke the warme Suns high way,

*Felt flames like mine;*

*Till thou in health as in a Cloud,*

*Didst all those blazes shrowd,*

*And so forbid the shine.*

*Lord*

Lord had the Feavers burning fire  
Chac't out my soule, and made my life expire,

I might have gone,  
Laden with *unrepented* sins,  
Where the fire still begins,  
And shall be never done.

There no cold *Iulip* can relieve  
Soules whom *eternall* Feavers allwayes greive,

No dolefull Song  
Perswades the finger to the *poole*,  
To dippe, and lend one droppe to coole  
The *Feaver* in their *Tongue*.

But thou threw'st heat into my *veines*,  
Not to consume the *Blood*, but purge the *Staines*.

I feele no losse;  
Lord, be this still thy way of cure,  
To keepe the *Mettle* sure,  
And onely burne the *Drosse*.

God's Love and Power.

Song

I Felt my heart and found a *Chillnesse* coole.  
It's *Azure* channells in my frozen *side*.  
The Spring was now became a standing *Poole*,  
Depriv'd of motion and its Active *Tyde*.

O stay!

O stay! O stay!

Thus I shall ever freeze, if banish from thy Ray.

A lasting warmth thy secret Beames beget

Thou art a Sun which can nor Rise nor Set.

Then thaw this Ice, and make my frost retreat,

But let with temperate Rays thy Lustre Shine;

Thy Judgements Lightning, but thy Love is heate;

This will consume my heart, but this Refine.

Inspire, Inspire,

And melt my frozen soule with thy more equall fire,

So shall a Pensive deluge drowne my feares,

My Ice turne water, and that water Teares.

After thy Love if I continue hard,

If Vices knit and more confirm'd are growne,

If guilt rebell, and stand upon his Guard,

And what was Ice before freeze into Stone.

Reprove, Reprove,

And let thy Pow'r assist thee to revenge thy Love,

For thou hast still thy threats and thunder left;

The Rocke that can't be melted, may be cleft.

FINIS.